

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

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[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD]

No. 750.—VOL. XXIX.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



[SUSPENSE.]

POOR LOO.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clyti Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHERE IS FREDDY?"

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep;
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave;
It blushes o'er the world,
Yet both so passing wonderful." SHELLEY.

HERBERT came home that day. His father was absent.

His step-mother received him coldly, for though he was there by her intercession, she thought, rightly enough, that some notice must be taken of his misdeeds, and some displeasure expressed in consequence.

In contrast to her reception of the culprit, however, was that of Constance.

She cried and laughed, threw herself in his arms, kissed and embraced him, until the boy, growing somewhat weary of this demonstration, as brothers are apt to do when the effusiveness comes only from their sisters, gently shook her off, and ran to the schoolroom to see Miss Finch, and, as he expressed it, "the children."

There they were, his four brothers and sisters, with little Loo and Freddy making up Miss Finch's half-dozen pupils.

At his entrance all lessons were suspended, and Miss Finch, though somewhat annoyed at the interruption, was too good-natured to show it, but shook

hands with him, and sat by patiently for five minutes while there was hugging and kissing, and tearing all round.

She might have waited still longer, but Herbert had begun in his old fashion to tease Loo, and that young lady's dignity, at eight years of age, was far too great to allow her to endure his conduct with equanimity.

More than that Loo was a visitor in the house for a few days, Miss Travers having had occasion to go off suddenly on a visit to the North, and during her absence from home her sister and Miss Finch had promised to take care of her protégée.

Another reason for keeping the child as free from annoyance as possible, consequently directly Miss Finch saw signs of distress upon her flushed face she interfered, requesting Herbert to go away, as they must resume their lessons.

But Herbert had no mind for obedience.

"They must have a holiday," he said, "give them a holiday, Miss Finch. If you don't I shall. They don't show any inclination to kill the fatted calf in honour of my return, but we'll have a lark, for all that. Here, children, no more lessons to-day. Come along, Loo, you shall be my wife, if you're a good girl, when you grow older!"

"But I won't be your wife, and won't play with you!" exclaimed the child, roused at length to defiance; "you are rude, and you pinch me. See, Miss Finch."

And she exposed her shoulder, on which were two cruel blue marks.

"Yes, it is both wicked and cruel of him," exclaimed the governess, angrily. "Herbert, I must request you to leave the room. Children, return to your books. Do you hear me?"

The order was vain, however. The hubbub increased.

Rebellion is infectious, and as Constance, was evidently favourable to it the others thought she would fight their battle and save them from the consequences, and, for the first time in her life, Miss Finch's authority was utterly defied.

So angry did she become, that she was about to leave the room and seek Mrs. Dorset, when the door opened, and that lady came upon the scene of confusion.

Daring as ever Constance tried to keep up the spirits of the rebels, but they had none of them courage or desperation enough to defy the representative of authority; even Herbert felt he had gone too far, and she as usual was left to bear the brunt of his shortcomings.

A few sharp words settled the matter: Mrs. Dorset declined to discuss the subject with Herbert or Constance, but ordered them to leave the schoolroom, and when her husband came home a few hours after she gave him an account of the scene, which with his previous irritation against his son so exasperated him that he declared he should not spend another night under his roof.

"Leave him alone till to-morrow," urged the step-mother.

But for once her pleading was in vain, Mr. Dorset was determined he would have no more of it.

Two hours later Herbert and his luggage, containing all his possessions, were taken off to a respectable lodging that his father had taken for him, and until he knew how to behave himself he was forbidden his father's house.

On the lad the effect was trifling, on his sister it was far more serious.

Not that she gave much outward sign of it, indeed she was rather more amiable and cheerful than usual that evening, for after he had gone no allusion was made to Herbert, and the day closed in as other days had done, the children had their bath, ate their supper of bread and milk, said their prayers and went to bed as they had done nightly for years past, and the family retired at their usual hour, Mr. Dorset being the last to go to bed, first making his round of the house to see that all was safe and every door and window fastened.

I don't think I have mentioned before that Grove House stands quite alone, the house as well as its somewhat extensive grounds being enclosed by a

high wall, and Sambo, the great Newfoundland, was always unchained and allowed to roam round the building at night if he chose, as an additional security to its inmates.

On this particular night Sambo uttered no bark, made no sound, though he was not usually given to be so quiet, and yet, someone must have crossed from the house to the old disused well behind the mass of shrubbery that defined the extent of the garden, and if ever a dog's instincts were required or were worth anything surely such was the case now.

That night Miss Finch had two companions to share her room. Master Freddy, whose cot as I have observed had been brought in from the side of his mother's bed now the new baby had arrived, and Loo Travers, who being on a visit had been humoured in her expressed desire to sleep with Miss Finch, of whom she was very fond.

"You will have to sleep on the couch if you do stay in my room," the governess said, with a smile, and to this the child consented. She was not partial to any of Mr. Dorset's children with the exception of Freddy, hence her desire to spend the night in the governess's room, rather than in any of the others.

This was the third night of her stay there, and though like most children a heavy sleeper, on this occasion, probably in consequence of the excitement of the day, she did not sleep soundly.

Once in the night she started up, asking:

"Did you call?"

But there was no response, and she sank down on her pillow again and fell asleep, to dream this time that Constance Dorset was standing over her, a razor in her hand, with which she seemed to be about to inflict some dreadful injuries upon her.

Was it but a nightmare, or was there any reality about it?

In her sleep poor Loo spread out her little hands as though to ward off the blow, then tossed restlessly upon her side, and having thus half waked herself, slept on until the morning dawned, and Miss Finch who soon after opened her eyes, asked:

"Have you got Freddy there, Loo?"

"No," was the reply; "isn't he in his own bed?"

"No;" I see it is empty. Never mind, I suppose he has gone into his mamma's room."

"The door is opened a little bit," returned Loo, "then that is what he has done; go to sleep, dear, it is only just five."

Again there was silence, broken only by the sound of heavy breathing that told that both of the inmates of the room were asleep.

A couple of hours after and the nursemaid knocked at the door.

"I have come to dress Master Freddy, miss."

"He has gone into his mamma's room, I suppose. I missed him at five o'clock when I woke."

At which the nurse goes to the door which faces that of the room in which Miss Finch sleeps, and tapping at it says:

"I want to dress Master Freddy, ma'am."

"Freddy is not here; Miss Finch has him."

"She says he came in to you before five o'clock, ma'am."

"What?"

The question was asked in dismay by Mrs. Dorset, who, in her white night-dress and bare feet, now stood in the doorway.

Again was the statement made, to be repeated a few seconds after to Mr. Dorset, while his wife sans cérémonie walked into Miss Finch's room.

"Don't be alarmed," said the governess, seeing the mother's agitation; "perhaps he has got up and gone to the room of one of the other children to play. Get dressed and be as calm as you can while I go and see."

But the result of the search only added to the alarm. Freddy had not been seen by anyone the previous night, and on examining the house one suspicious circumstance came out. The drawing-room door, which had been locked the night before, was slightly ajar, and one of the long windows had evidently been opened, for the shutter was not properly fastened, and also the hump of the window had been pushed back, but there were no scratches or marks of violence such as would have been sure to appear if anyone had forced an entrance from the outside, and the child was far too young, even had he desired it, to have been able to get out the house of in this way alone.

Not a trace of Freddy could be found, however, and every minute Mrs. Dorset's anxiety and excitement became more intense, while Miss Finch, happily retaining her self-command, sent off the gardener in one direction, Mr. Dorset going in another to seek the aid of the police.

The four children, George, Willie, Jessie and Fanny not knowing exactly what strange trouble had come over the household, began to cry, and Constance, looking white and tearless, though greatly

agitated, searched about in impossible places, calling "Freddy, Freddy," but obtaining no response.

Meanwhile, not the house only, but the grounds had been carefully searched, and before Mr. Dorset returned with the sergeant he had been to the police-station to fetch the gardener, who had come back with his brother, who happened to be in the "force," having a "prediction or presentiment," went almost direct to the disused well at the back of the shrubbery, and here, by the side, without removing the lid, the two men saw a pool of blood on the ground.

The padlock, which should have fastened on the lid, and that was invariably kept locked lest any of the children should be tempted to play near the dangerous spot, was lying by the side, showing, though the lid still covered the mouth of the well, it had very recently been removed.

Involuntarily the men paused; some horrible mystery was hidden by that board from their sight, and they both hesitated to pull it aside.

"It's no use waiting like this," said David Butt, the gardener; "it may be the boy and it mayn't; here goes," and with an effort he pulled aside the somewhat heavy piece of iron clamped-wood.

But the well was dark, the sunlight penetrated only for a few feet, nothing distinctly could be made out, and the gardener, leaving his brother on guard, ran to the house, which was some two hundred yards off, to fetch a light.

He came back quickly enough, accompanied by a boy who assisted him in the garden, and one of the women servants, and with the help of a short chain the lamp was lowered down into the aperture.

Not far had it to go either; little more than four feet down a plank of wood had been fixed across the shaft of the well that could easily be moved, but was stuck there in case of accidents, and on this kind of shelf that had prevented its falling into the water at the bottom of the well, rested a bundle wrapped up in a blanket.

"He's here," exclaimed David Butt, excitedly; "but how shall we get at him?"

"Here!" exclaimed Miss Finch, with horror: "then he must be dead!"

And she turned and looked at Constance Dorset, who stood by her side. But the girl's face expressed nothing but grief and horror.

Only the day before he and the other children had romped with her close to this very spot, and now those around her told her he was dead.

Tears came into her eyes, and her face was almost as white as that of her agonised step-mother when, with some difficulty, that ominous-looking bundle was brought up from the well's mouth, and poor little Freddy Dorset, in his night shirt, his throat severed from ear to ear, quite dead, and lying on the blanket of his little cot, was uncovered to the light of Heaven.

A terrible shriek warned the lookers on that the unhappy mother had come unobserved upon the scene and discovered her missing darling, only to find she would never clasp him in her warm arms again.

And poor Loo—there she stood unobserved or unnoticed in the terrible confusion, scarcely yet realising that the mangled body before her was all that remained of her pet and playfellow.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHO DID IT?

"That which hath made them drunk
Hath made me sober." SHAKESPEARE.

"CONSTANCE, did you do it?"

The questioner was Loo, but the girl she addressed turned first white, then red, while a wild light came into her round, bird-like eyes and she stamped viciously as she said:

"How dare you ask me, do you want to be like him?" and she jerked her head in the direction of the room in which the corpse of poor Freddy lay awaiting the coroner's inquest.

Loo was no coward, and though she did not like Constance she was not afraid of her; so she replied calmly:

"I dreamed that you came into our room last night and stood by my side; I thought perhaps it might be true."

"Then you'd better not think or dream of such a thing again, I can tell you," was the threatening retort; "and if you talk of such rubbish again I'll set Herbert on to worry you."

"But Herbert is gone," said Loo, triumphantly. "If he has gone out of the house he isn't far off; now go to the schoolroom; you don't know what horrible thing will happen if you talk about me."

Loo did as she was bid, but she was not frightened by Constance's menaces.

Ignorant as she was of the world and the ways of the world when Mabel Travers took her from the Children's Hospital to her own home, the last two years had sharpened and quickened her intellect and powers of observation in a marvellous degree.

Perhaps Lady Travers had helped more towards this than any other person.

Not that she meant to do it, or to be the means of bringing any good to the human wail who had been gathered into Mabel Travers' home; no one who knew her ladyship would accuse her of any such intention for a moment; but the old woman was a curiosity to the child: her odd ways, her petty artifices either for effect or gain, her equally petty spite when directed against Loo herself—all these things coming fresh to the child's mind, struck her as strange, producing an impression never to be forgotten, while the singular household of the Dorsets, where she went to school daily, gave her another view of life still more puzzling and bewildering.

Had Loo been brought up as other children are, unconsciously through contact with the family in which they live acquainted with the usual ties, relationships, hopes, fears, loves and hatreds of the world, it might have been different, her perceptions, nay, rather instincts, being blunted with knowledge had not then been so keen; but Loo, when not under the influence of opium, treated her like a pet animal rather than as a reasonable being, and told her wild legends of Vishnoo and Siva, and of Eastern gods and goddesses who haunt river and stream, mountain and valley, who attend the good and the evil through every step in life, and the child had listened to and accepted it all as real, just as other children believe in fairy tales till the rough scepticism of the world produces in their minds a revelation of doubt and disbelief, and sometimes brings them to the point of doubting their own existence.

On such a mind, daily contact with Lady Travers, and experience gained in a family like that of the Dorsets, a house divided against itself, made an intense impression, stimulated also her powers of observation, and made her jump at conclusions, logical or illogical, with a rapidity that was sometimes startling to others who relied more on reason than intuition, and poor Loo saw, she believed as in a dream, that terrible tragedy enacted that had deprived little Freddy Dorset of life.

But after her question to Constance she said nothing to anyone about it. She could not truly say she had seen or heard anyone in the room, though she was conscious of being disturbed once or twice during the night, and she resolved not even to admit this, unless closely questioned.

What a wretched household it was at Grove House that morning.

Mrs. Dorset was in her room, crying madly, wildly for her child, till the doctors feared her reason would give way beneath the shock, and they strove to interest her in the infant of a few weeks old that was crying lustily for its natural food.

Poor Mr. Dorset, looking pale and haggard and a dozen years older than on the previous night, tried to soothe his wife and say some words of kindness to his sobbing children, for Freddy, if a small tyrant, had always been a great pet, and even Constance in her bitterest moods against her step-mother, had never been known to be harsh or unkind to her child.

And while grief and dismay were the strongest feelings in the house, a panic of horror and indignation came over the whole neighbourhood. Every sickening detail of the tragedy was repeated with greedy awe by the crowd gathered outside the mansion, and already a conclusion detrimental to Mr. Dorset and Miss Finch had passed from mouth to mouth, and their names were freely bandied about, every possible term of opprobrium being added.

"What is that noise?" asked Loo of the governess, as a mighty hum with a shriller sound now and then rising above it, penetrated into the house, which already bore the garb of mourning, every room being darkened and the blinds all drawn.

"It is the crowd outside," was the reply. "Don't listen, but try to read or sew. We shall all be ill if we give way to our grief like this."

At this moment Herbert came rushing into the room.

"What is the matter?" he asked, with a white face and parched lips. "The crowd outside are saying horrible things. The police would scarcely let me come in the house. Tell me what it all means?"

Thus the dreadful story had to be told all over again—how Freddy had been missed in the morning, where and how he was found, and that his

body was now lying in the laundry guarded by a body of police, while the family doctor was examining it.

"I'll stay in the house till this is over if my father will let me," observed the youth, "and I'll promise not to give him any trouble."

"Better not bother him, you are better out of the house," replied Miss Finch, "you will only be more miserable here than elsewhere."

But the boy was obstinate, and it was only after his father had desired him to return to his lodgings that the lad unwillingly complied.

The following day the coroner's inquest was held, and after the finding of the body had been proved the surgeon gave his evidences to its appearance.

He said:
"My name is Joshua Lawson. I am a surgeon, residing at Kensington. I was called in yesterday, about half-past eight in the morning; Mr. Dorset came to fetch me. On my arrival I saw the body of Frederick Medwin Dorset in the laundry. He had his night-dress on. He was enveloped in a blanket. The blanket and the night-clothes were stained with blood."

"There was the mark of an incision on the night-dress and flannel on the left side, cutting through the cartilage of the two ribs. The mouth of the child had a blackened appearance, with the tongue protruded between the teeth. My impression was that the blackened appearance had been produced by forcible pressure on it during life. I examined the interior of the mouth, lips and cheeks, and found no abrasion such as would lead me to suppose that anything had been forcibly pushed into it. I then saw a large incision of the throat extending from one ear to the other, and dividing the whole of the structures down to the spine."

"I made a post-mortem examination of the body. I found all the internal organs of the body completely drained of blood. The stomach was in a healthy state, and I saw no reason to suspect the administration of a narcotic or poisonous drug. I found the stab in the chest had not penetrated the heart, but had pushed it out of its place, and had penetrated the diaphragm, and had slightly wounded the outer coat of the stomach. There were also two very slight incisions on the right hand which appeared to have been made after death. The child appeared to have been dead at least five hours. I think the incision of the throat and not the stab was the cause of death. A long pointed knife would in my opinion be the instrument to have caused such wounds. The deceased was a very heavy child for his age."

Miss Mary Finch was then examined; after describing the arrangements of the bedroom and the reason for the child sleeping in her chamber, she said:

"I last saw the little boy in his bed at five minutes past eleven o'clock when I went to bed, and I first observed that he was not in it at five o'clock. I thought he had climbed out and gone into his mother's room, or that she had fetched him. At seven o'clock when the nurse came to dress him I told her he had gone into Mrs. Dorset's room, as I believed he had."

"Previous to her coming I looked at the cot and found that the clothes had been turned down neatly at the foot of the bed, but not at the pillow, there was the mark of the child's head on the pillow. I found the door of the room just ajar when I got up, scarcely opened and scarcely shut. I am quite sure and certain of that. Afterwards on examining the bed I found that the blanket which had been between the sheet and counterpane was missing."

But, the gardener, and his brother, the policeman, were next examined, and repeated what we already know.

The housemaid added her evidence as to the finding of the drawing-room door and window open, and still nothing that could throw any light upon the matter or lead to the identity of the perpetrator of the crime had been discovered, and the coroner was about to adjourn the inquiry, when one of the jurymen suggested that the little girl who had likewise slept in the room with the governess and little boy should be called.

Upon which poor Loo was brought into the room to be questioned.

When asked her name, she replied:

"Loo Travers."

Upon further inquiry she said:

"I went to sleep before Miss Finch came to bed, but I did not wake when she did so. In the middle of the night I started up in a fright and asked who spoke, but no one answered me; the room was dark except for the moon shining in, and I heard Miss Finch breathing heavily—not snoring, but I didn't notice it; Freddy breathed heavily. I forgot he was

there. I lay down and went to sleep again. I often dream or wake up in a fright."

"Did you wake up again?" asked the coroner, kindly, struck by the delicate beauty of the child.

"No," slowly.

"Did you dream?" asks one of the jurymen.

But the coroner interposed sharply.

"A child's dreams are not facts. You are not to answer that question. Did you hear anyone moving about the room, or opening the door?"

"No; I only woke up frightened. I did not see or hear anything but the moonlight coming in the room and Miss Finch breathing."

Mrs. Dorset and the other servants were examined, but nothing more could be learnt.

The police examined all the linen belonging to every person in the house, but in vain; nothing with a spot of blood on it was to be found, neither was anything missing.

All the knives and any instrument that could have been used in the perpetration of the deed likewise underwent a strict scrutiny; it seemed to be almost conclusively proved that no one from the outside could have got in the house to get the child, and that no one in the building had motive enough for doing it, or bore any possible trace of the crime.

And yet, whispers were afloat, words and actions of the past were now brought up like accusing ghosts, but a spark was wanting to set the whole pile alight, and that was soon forthcoming.

As I have said, all the linen in the house, clean and dirty, had been examined, and three days after little Freddy's death the dirty clothes had been picked up as usual by the housemaid, a list made out and sent to the laundry; where and how it had been lost no one could or would say, but a night-gown belonging to Constance Dorset, which the housemaid swore she had put in the basket, near the bottom of it, the laundry also swore with equal positiveness never reached her, nor could it anywhere be discovered.

Not much for the police to build a case upon, but when one stone becomes fixed in rolling down the side of a hill, others following are apt to be impeded in their course, and to be stationary with it, so, one suspicious circumstance pointing to Constance, stories thick and fast came pouring in of her animosity to her step-mother and her threats of revenge for imagined wrongs and injuries, till the police thought their hand was strong enough, and applied for a warrant against her for the murder of her step-brother.

Whether she deserved it or not popular sympathy was all on the side of Constance, there were hundreds of people—nay, thousands who declared themselves ready to swear as to what took place in that chamber where the governess and those two children slept. Nothing but the Grove murder was talked about from one end of England to the other, the news spread with a thrill of horror wherever the English tongue was spoken, throughout the whole civilised world, and it certainly would not have been safe for Miss Finch or Mr. Dorset to show themselves in any public street or thronged thoroughfare where they would be recognised.

While Constance, the ill-used step-daughter, devoted sister and sweet saint, was taken care of by the police on a charge of "wilful murder."

"They can prove nothing," she whispered to Herbert, when they heard of the warrant being issued, it being at first intended to include him in the charge, though abandoned by his proving an alibi in the son of the man in whose house he had slept for the night.

But as his sister hissed these words in his ear the youth started, and for the first time the auspicious inquiry passed through his mind:

"Can she know anything about it; can she be guilty?"

CHAPTER XV.

LADY TRAVERS PLAYS A WRONG CARD.

"Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much

Of sympathy below;

Few are the hearts whence one same touch

Bids the same fountain flow." MRS. HEMANS.

AMONG those who made a certain amount of social capital out of the Grove House murder was Lady Travers.

"Such a shocking thing, my dear, so truly horrible, it makes me quiver at the thought; and that child that Mabel has adopted in the same room at the very time, too. Certainly it's a mercy she is too young to be suspected of committing the crime, though how anyone could sleep through it all is a puzzle to me. I know I couldn't."

"No, dear, I don't suppose you could," assented Mrs. Porter, the wife of a London alderman, who paid court to Lady Travers in consideration of her title, and who came to see her on an average once a month, as a kind of colouring for the manner in which she took her ladyship's name in vain when talking of her to her city friends.

For Lady Travers, like most people who have a handle to their name, be it ever so trifling, considered herself the centre of a circle—an admiring circle, of course—and in this particularly limited space she was accustomed to lay down the law, and expected the sentiments she uttered to be more or less distinctly echoed by those who listened to her.

Had it been possible in any manner to suggest that poor Loo had carried little Freddy out of his bed through the house and garden to the well and there killed him, Lady Travers would have done so, but the physical impossibility of such a proceeding was too manifest, and therefore, failing being able to vent her spite upon Loo directly, she did so indirectly by saying all the spiteful, wicked things she could imagine against Miss Finch.

The worst of it was too that although Mabel Travers and Loo both implicitly believed in Miss Finch's innocence, so many people did not that her ladyship found ready and sympathising listeners to her theory of the manner in which the crime was committed, and so far forgot her usual discretion as to determine soon after the funeral to go to Grove House and tender her sympathy and advice to Mrs. Dorset.

It was a hot day in July; already the stream of visitors to the seaside had commenced, and the well-to-do inhabitants of the metropolis were winging their flight to cooler or less noisy scenes, when Lady Travers in a hired brougham drove up to the entrance of Grove House, and sending in her card requested to see Mrs. Dorset.

Since she was last here a blight had seemed to fall over the whole mansion; weeds had sprung up in the gravel leading to the great gates, and when these were opened Lady Travers noticed that the flower beds looked neglected and uncared for, the windows wanted cleaning, while dust which had not been brushed away for more than a week past covered everything.

The housemaid, too, who opened the gate, seemed more like an undertaker's mate than an ordinary servant; her black dress, white apron, and white cap ornamented with black ribbon were as nothing in the way of mourning, in comparison with her face, which besides being pale had a melancholy scorned expression on it, that had become almost habitual to the whole household.

In reply to the question as to Mrs. Dorset being at home, she replied in a low, melancholy tone:

"Yes, missus is in, my lady, but I don't know if she can see you; she's awful bad."

"I dare say; but she'll see me," and her ladyship descended from the carriage and followed the melancholy servant into the house.

She was right; Mrs. Dorset would see her; but when she was led into the dimly-lighted room it was a few seconds before she recognised her ally in the black-robed woman who reclined rather like a lay figure than a living creature in a couch by the window.

A baby in a bassinet was sleeping by her side, and she kept her hand on it as though fearful lest it should be taken away.

On noticing her aunt, who coughed, and made noise enough to attract attention, she half rose into a sitting posture, and extending her right hand, said in a feeble tone:

"It's very kind of you to come and see me, aunt. Take a seat; do you find the room dark? If so, please ring for Sarah to pull up the blinds."

"No, it will do very well, thank you, and how are you, my dear. I have been so anxious about you during this terrible time, and poor dear little Freddy, it wasn't as if he had died in his bed in a natural manner."

"Oh, aunt, spare me! don't talk about it! I feel as though I were going mad with this terrible thought constantly before me. I want to go away to try to forget it, and Medwin would take me away to the seaside or to some country place but that the police are in the house, and for the time he must remain in town."

"Yes, I should think so," was the deliberate reply. "There is that poor girl, too, Constance. The idea of her being in prison while the guilty ones are walking about the world holding their heads as high as anybody."

"Since you will talk about it, aunt, who do you mean by the guilty ones? for I am sure I don't know."

"Well, my dear, doesn't your own common sense

show you? Where was your husband that night?"

"By my side."

"You think so?"

"I can swear to it. I woke up half a dozen times and found him there. Besides, I have other proofs."

"You have?"

"Yes; I have told the detectives and they advise me not to talk about it. But you don't mean to say you thought Medwin capable of such a horrible thing?"

"No," slowly. "Had Miss Finch a lover?"

"She had, but he died in the Crimea; besides, Loo heard her breathing heavily when she woke."

"I don't believe in Loo; I don't think she is too truthful, or, as far as that goes, too honest."

"Indeed, I have never found her otherwise."

"Really; and then what do you think of that?" and the wicked old woman held out a small gold brooch with the initials E. T. at the back. "I recognised it as yours," she went on, and I found it secreted in one of her drawers. Now, don't you call that theft?"

"No, I gave it to her the very day I lost my poor darling. Miss Finch was in the room at the time; they were going for a walk in the park, Loo's jacket wouldn't fasten, and I took the brooch off my own dress and gave it to her, telling her to keep it for my sake and Freddy's; perhaps that is why she hid it, it reminded her too vividly of him."

Lady Travers was baffled; rather than have been placed in this awkward position she would have given one of her own precious diamonds to the child she hated so much; she was too a little ashamed of herself, not at the meanness she had been guilty of, but at the fact of being found out. She was a little afraid also of Mabel Travers, and she held out her hand for the brooch, saying:

"I am very sorry, I said anything about it, but I've missed one or two things myself, and when I came across that brooch I was sure something was wrong."

"Then you see you were mistaken, aunt; I shall keep it and give it back to the child myself; poor Loo; the idea that she would steal anything. I never knew a more sweet or truthful child; if Mabel were to hear any suspicion expressed about her darling she would go frantic."

"Then oblige me by not saying anything," said the elder lady, rising from her seat. "It was not an unnatural thing for me to suppose the brooch was stolen, especially when we remember how Mabel picked the girl up in the streets. 'I never believed any good would come of her.'"

Mrs. Dorset made no reply. A few weeks ago and she would have expressed her opinion of her aunt's behaviour pretty sharply, but now she was unequal to it, and her silence, more eloquent than words, made the old woman feel that her visit had been fruitless, and that even the advice she came to offer would be useless.

"Well, I must go," she said, arranging her train and surveying herself in a looking-glass. "I'm sorry for you, Elaine, and I'm more sorry still for poor Constance; a girl of her age to be in prison, and on such a charge, too! By the way, where is Herbert?"

"In lodgings not far off; I don't know where."

"Poor boy; I wish I could find him. He must be very dull and unhappy."

"Possibly."

And then Lady Travers took her leave, but, driving through Kensington on her way to the Park, her wish was gratified.

She saw Herbert Dorset walking slowly along the street, pulled the check-string, and told the youth to jump into the carriage.

"Come home and dine with us," she said.

"Is Loo at home?" he asked, instead of answering her invitation.

"Yes."

"Then I'll come," and he stepped into the carriage.

Even before they reached home, however, she began to repent of her hasty invitation, for Herbert was silent and sullen, only answering her questions with a brief "yes" or "no," and visibly shuddering when she alluded to the fact of Constance now being in the House of Detention.

He made no response either when she emphatically declared her opinion of the absurdity of the charge and her belief in his sister's innocence, and the disagreeable conviction forced itself upon her mind that whoever might believe that Constance was not the murderer of her step-brother the members of her own family were not among those who held her guiltless.

For nothing but an evasive silence had been the response to all her gushing assurances of sympathy on behalf of Constance.

It was a quarter to seven when the carriage stopped at Miss Travers' door—the dinner-hour, as Lady

Travers knew, was seven, and voices in the drawing-room told her there was at least one visitor, while her own consciousness added that she had brought about the most unwelcome guest she could have picked up in London to join the party.

"I wish I hadn't asked him," was the thought that involuntarily passed through her mind; "but now he is here they must make the best of it," and then she swept into the drawing-room, closely followed by Herbert.

Mabel Travers and Loo were both dressed in deep mourning, and their faces had been sad enough until Robert Marker came in and with his bright, handsome face and cheerful, sympathising manner infused some of his own buoyant spirits into them.

He had been out of town, had not seen them since the dreadful tragedy had occurred, was shocked at its effect upon them, and determined to dissipate it as much as possible by his presence.

So, ignoring a somewhat important engagement he had for the evening, he said:

"I'm going to beg some dinner and spend an hour or two with you. I know you won't turn me out, will you?"

The answer was all he could desire, and the three friends were chatting merrily, when the door opened and two faces which had both of them a fascination and a terror for Loo caught her eye.

For a moment she gasped, the smile arrested on her lips, her hands vainly clutching the air, then suddenly rousing herself, she rushed into Robert Marker's arms, crying: "Save me! save me!" and burst into tears.

"The child is mad," said Lady Travers, disdainfully. "Herbert has come to dine with us. I shall be down directly."

And she swept out of the room.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT IS HE WORTH?

How can we make an inventory

Of what a mortal man is worth?

The sunshine of his glory

May be eclipsed upon this earth?

And wealth heaped high in golden

splendour,

Is nothing more than yellow dust;

Which every holder must surrender,

In wealth alone, then who can trust?

Is the proud statesman's reputation,

When weighed in the eternal scales;

(Forgotten in a generation.)

Valued with mortal's best avail?

True worth is measured by affection,

Not by the prices placed on gold;

True love that points in the direction

Where love is pure and manifold.

What is he worth? What is he doing

To educate and lift the race?

Is he the weal of man pursuing?

Lighting a little heaven in space?

Has he in noble deeds invested

The earnest labour of his time,

And fought the ills to be detested,

With truth and hope and faith sublime?

Does he give for the good of others,

To make them better here on earth?

Our fellowmen—we all are brothers—

May give a verdict of his worth.

He's worth more than the richest trea-

sure

Of that high prince or kingly heir;

Who only lives for his own pleasure,

He is a moral millionaire! G. W. B.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The feature of these concerts, which has proved attractive in former years, is still carried out by Signor Arditi, and each successive Wednesday is devoted to a classical selection from one of the great masters, or excerpts from one or more of them. Mozart's majestic and graceful "Jupiter" symphony;

the andante from Schubert's symphony in G minor; Cherubini's overture, "Anacreon"; Handel's march and chorus, "See the Conquering Hero"; Mendelssohn's delightful scherzo from "The Midsummer Night's Dream"; with numerous masterpieces of the gifted chief of orchestral writers, Beethoven, are thus successively brought before crowded audiences. That these chef d'œuvres are appreciated by the patrons of these concerts is amply testified by the discriminating applause and general attention they command. The miscellaneous pieces, consisting of violin solos by Mdlle. Pommereul, Mdlle. Debillemont (piano), Mr. Howard Reynolds (cornet-a-piston), M. Antoine Bowman (violinello), with Madame Rose Hersee, Mdlle. Rajmondi, Mdlle. Celega, and Signori Medica and Gianini, are also judiciously chosen and well-executed. In short these, with special nights when a whole division of the performance consists of the leading members, vocal and instrumental, from the most popular operas of Gounod, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, and other maestri, leave nothing to be desired in these excellent soirées musicales.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

"YOLANDE; a Legend of far Cathay," by Mr. Alfred Thompson, has fixed itself in public favour at this handsome and commodious theatre. As a ballet d'action of a class which once formed a most attractive feature at the Italian Opera, but which in later years has been thrust from its pride of place by the ballet divertissement interpolated in modern grand opera, "Yolande" may compare favourably with those which were illustrated in by-past years by Taglioni, Duvernay, Fanny Elssler, Cerito, and the stars that shone in days of old. The opening scene is an Italian market-place; the vision of Tito, the gold and silver mines, the change to the Daimio's palace in Japan, and the return to sunny Italy, are all beautiful beyond description; while the pas de fascination of Yolande (Mdlle. Pertoldi), with Tito (Mdlle. Gilbert), is a fresh, graceful and original invention in choreographic art. The groupings of figures and colours and the many evolutions of the coryphæes are perfect in taste and effect. M. Jacobi's music is light and sparkling, and those who love light, brightness, sparkle, grace, and "the poetry of motion" will do well to visit "Yolande" at the Alhambra.

NORTH WOOLWICH GARDENS.

THOSE Londoners who, like the renowned citizen Johnny Gilpin, "although on pleasure they are bent still bear a frugal mind," will do well to choose the riverside establishment of the "people's exterior," Mr. W. Holland, for their day's outing. For "the small charge of one shilling" the excursionist or traveller is franked by rail and admitted to the pleasure gardens with their continual succession of entertainments. A more enumeration of these fills a large programme-bill; a criticism would be cramped in a column. The day we went to the gardens there was the burlesque of "Blue Beard," supported by Mr. H. Taylor, Mr. Reeves, Miss Nott, Miss Hatherley, Miss Lilly, and a clever company. Then there was a first-class comic ballet, with Fred Evans, Tom Lovell, Turtle Jones, Miss Rosalind and a corps of coryphæes. We recollect the time when these two performances alone would have been thought a good shillingsworth, without an inclusive railway-fare, and a day's rural enjoyment. Then there was the star-comic George Leybourne with two brace of comic songs, Mr. De Vay with a couple ditto, Arthur Lloyd, &c. Then there were "intrepid feats" on the lofty trapeze, by Madame Sunyesh, and dancing ad lib. to a good band on the great platform by the lake. Mr. Holland himself, too, came out as a prestidigitateur, anglice, a sleight-of-hand professor, and right amusingly did he play his tricks. Of course there was the usual liberal supply of music and of etables and drinkables, concluding with a brilliant display of fireworks. If this is not "entering for the million" the million have themselves to blame.

SIR E. LEE, so favourably known as the acting-director of the Alexandra Palace, has taken a lease for twenty-one years of the Dublin Exhibition Palace, which he proposes to open as a permanent place of public entertainment during the coming season.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has accepted the position of conductor of the Musical Festival about to be held at Norwich.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI (Marquise de Caux) has been struck from the list of singers at her Majesty's Concerts at Buckingham Palace, in consequence of the suit for separation from her husband, and the scandal relating to Signor Nicolini, the tenor, so, at least, says the "St. Petersburg Gazette."



[A COLD WELCOME.]

THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE sun was rising when the mail-coach arrived at the little hamlet of Hyde, and drew up before the "Morelle Arms."

Bright and gay with mistletoe and holly was the little inn.

Busy and cheerful was the buxom little landlady. Bustling she hurried out to welcome any chance guests that the mail might have brought her. Evidently she expected someone—probably Lord Dazzleright, for Hyde Hall, so anxious and scrutinising were the glances she sent into the interior of the coach.

Her honest countenance beamed with joy at seeing Lord Montessor alight. Yet still she looked for someone to come after him.

No one followed. The stage-coach drove on.

The little landlady courted.

"Welcome back to Devonshire, my lord. Walk in, my lord. This way, my lord. Would your lordship choose breakfast?" she inquired, with busy, respectful solicitude.

Yes, his lordship would take breakfast, and afterwards a post-chaise to Hyde Hall.

The little landlady bustled out to obey his orders; and then bustled back again to lay the cloth for breakfast.

Her cheerful face was now disturbed by anxiety. She cast furtive, searching glances into Lord Montessor's thoughtful, abstracted countenance—and quickly withdrew them in fear of discovery.

In fact, the little body would have given the world, or at least her share in it—"Morelle Arms"—to have the privilege of inquiring after her nursing, Estelle.

On observing Lord Montessor alight from the coach, she had naturally looked to see him hand her out thinking that they were both together, and both going to spend Christmas with the lady's parents up at the Hall.

She could not understand why "my lord" should be on route alone, to enjoy Christmas with her family where she was not.

It is true that many contradictory rumours had reached Hyde. But Dame Higgins doubted each and all, and now seeing Lord Montessor, she sighed for Estelle.

When the breakfast was ready she brought it in, and with the hope of hearing something indirectly of her "nurse child," she remained and waited on the table.

"Do you know, are the family at the Hall in their usual health, Mrs. Higgins?" inquired his lordship, as he received a cup of coffee from her hands.

"Ah, my lord, begging your lordship's pardon, is it like they should be well? Sir Parke is much broken, and Lady Morelle is not the handsome, youthful-looking woman that she was a year ago," said the landlady, shaking her head gravely.

Now Lord Montessor had not asked for, or expected this implied reflection upon the family misfortunes, on the part of Mother Higgins.

He surmised in himself a certain indiscretion in having made any inquiries whatever. He now made no comment upon her communication, but continued perfectly silent.

Not so the landlady. As his lordship had set the example of asking questions, she ventured to follow it.

"I hope my lady was in good health when your lordship came away?" said Mrs. Higgins, putting her question in the most polite—that is, in the affirmative, form.

"I thank you—yes," replied Lord Montessor, in a tone and manner that forbade further encroachments on the part of his hostess.

The little woman therefore occupied herself with waiting on her guest, and held her tongue until again she was spoken with.

"Can I have a chaise from this place to take me over to the Hall, Mrs. Higgins?" at length asked Lord Montessor.

"Indeed, your lordship, I am very sorry, but the chaise has gone to Horsford this morning to take over some Christmas visitors that came down from London last night, and it won't be back before noon," replied the lady, with a look of real regret.

Horsford!

How that name recalled the scene of the preliminary investigation.

"Ah, Sir George Bannerman, that is a debt that remains to be settled," thought Lord Montessor.

Observing his lordship's deepened gravity, and attributing it to his disappointment in regard to the chaise, the hostess hastened to add:

"But, my lord, Jenkins has not yet gone home."

"Jenkins—who may he be?"

"Yes, my lord, Jenkins—Sir Parke Morelle's man, who was sent here from the Hall this morning with the carriage to meet Lord Dazzleright, who didn't arrive."

"And Jenkins, you say, has not gone back with the carriage."

"No, my lord; he is in the kitchen at this present moment, having a rasher and pot of ale."

"Very well. When Jenkins has finished his repast, be good enough to send him here," said Lord Montessor, rising from the table.

"I will, my lord," she replied, going out to obey. In a few minutes the coachman from Hyde Hall entered the presence of his lordship.

Here again was a recognition full of painful reminiscences!

Jenkins was the grey-haired old man who had driven the carriage containing the bridal party from the Hall to the church, on that fatal first of May.

Lord Montessor had not seen him since that dark day.

The old man stood respectfully, hat in hand, waiting his lordship's commands.

"How do you do, Jenkins? I hope the family at the Hall are well?" were Lord Montessor's first words.

"Hem—m—, as well as usual, I believe, my lord," replied the aged domestic, hesitatingly, though respectfully.

Lord Montessor then announced that he had come down to visit Sir Parke Morelle, and would be pleased to have a seat in the homeward-bound carriage.

The horses were feeding! but Jenkins would have them put to the carriage immediately; and bowing low, he went out to attend to the matter.

Lord Montessor then called for a room, paid such attention to his toilet as the circumstances admitted, then went below, settled his reckoning, and entered the carriage that waited to take him to Hyde Hall.

This was a fine, clear, bright winter morning. A light snow, that had fallen during the night, just covered the ground, added to the cheerfulness of the scene.

A slight frost, like the embroidering of fine pearls, just touched the trees.

The little village was already gay with Christmas revellings.

Mistletoe and holly decked many of the doors and

windows of the houses each side of the only street, at the head of which stood the "Morelle Arms," and down which the carriage now drove.

Neighbours hailed each other; children in troops ran gaily, with "Merry Christmas," from dwelling to dwelling, or came out thence, with hands, hats, or pinafores, full of "goodies."

The carriage leaving the gay village street behind, passed on down the turnpike road leading through the common toward the park.

Just before turning in the great gate they passed the little Gothic church, the scene of Estelle's fatal bridal and subsequent arrest.

This was the most painful of all the reminiscences awakened by his return to the neighbourhood. The little church was open, and was dressed within and without with mistletoe and holly.

And some of the most devout among the parishioners had assembled thus early to assist at Divine worship, and were now waiting about and conversing cheerfully in the churchyard, while waiting for the hour of service to arrive. Several of the old men took off their hats to his lordship, as the carriage passed.

But Lord Montessor could ill bear this scene with the graphic pictures of the past that it recalled.

So bowing gently to their salutations he quietly put up the blinds of the carriage, gave orders to drive faster, and then snuck back into his seat until they had entered the park.

Having passed the park gates, the whole scene was changed. No sign of Christmas festivity was here. No winter wreath of mingled mistletoe and holly arched the entrance.

No gay troops of village children carolled their Christmas song as they went up the Hall to receive from the steward their Christmas gifts of cakes and shillings.

All was quiet, sombre, gloomy, as though a recent death in the family had put the household and premises into mourning.

The carriage entered the park by the "winter drive," an avenue shaded entirely by gigantic evergreens, and for its continued verdure and close shelter used exclusively in the cold months by this comfort-loving family. Now these dark trees, with their branches meeting overhead, threw a funereal shadow over their way.

As they neared the Hall the gloom deepened. The dark grey front of the mansion was closed and silent.

The carriage drew up in front of the great portal. The coachman got down, opened the carriage door, dropped the steps, and Lord Montessor alighted.

The old man then went up and rang the bell, and to the grave footman that opened the door, said:

"John, show his lordship into the black oak parlour, and take his orders."

John bowed, and as the old coachman withdrew, closed the door behind him, turned and with another bow led the way to a small, snug, but gloomy little sitting-room on the same floor, stirred the fire, drew forward an easy chair, and leaving him comfortably seated, went to take up the card.

In a few moments John returned with the request that the visitor would walk up, and straightway preceded him to the door of the morning-room which he opened, announcing:

"Lord Montessor."

Sir Parke and Lady Morelle were seated at opposite corners of the ample fireplace, in the grate of which burned a fine fire of seacoal.

Both were greatly and sadly changed. Worldliness might indeed have chilled their parental affections, and pride might have repressed all utterance of grief or mortification. But that they had suffered deeply, keenly, bitterly, was indelibly impressed upon their faces.

Sir Parke had grown bald and grey; his features were visibly sunken, his form perceptibly shrunken. Lady Morelle's fair, classic face had lost its firm, oval contour and delicate bloom, and was marked with a light tracery of lines about the brow and eyes.

But both retained their cold and stately self-control.

As Lord Montessor advanced Sir Parke arose and offered him his hand, saying merely:

"I am glad to see you, Montessor."

"Thank you, Sir Parke; that is but just, since I come to you within twenty-four hours of landing in England," replied the visitor, smiling.

Then he passed on to Lady Morelle, who arose coldly and offered her hand.

"I hope I find your ladyship in your usual good health, this morning?"

"I am well, sir, and am happy to welcome you back to England," she replied, sinking again upon her sofa to the left of the chimney.

Sir Parke resumed his seat on the right of the

same. And Lord Montessor took the comfortable easy chair that had been drawn up for him by the footman in front of the glowing fire.

And there he sat with the haughty and reserved baronet on his right, and the cold and stately lady on his left—all silent for a few minutes until Sir Parke bethought him to dismiss the footman.

When they were alone Lord Montessor turned to the baronet, and plunging directly into the subject of all their secret thoughts, said:

"Sir Parke, it has given me the profoundest satisfaction to learn from Lord Dazzleright that you have relented toward your daughter."

The baronet's countenance never changed. He passed his hand once or twice across his thin and sunken lips and then said, slowly and composedly:

"That trial, sir, however deplorable and ever to be regretted in itself, nevertheless elicited facts that proved Estelle to be much less blameworthy than she at first appeared. Yes, sir. Such is the judgment of those who rule, and who should rule, public opinion."

To this sentiment Lord Montessor merely bowed while waiting to hear further.

"Estelle, sir, was but an infant in bad hands when she committed that fatal act of disobedience."

Lord Montessor could not exactly understand how Estelle had disobeyed her parents in marrying Victorio, whom she had never been forbidden to marry; but he let it pass.

Sir Parke continued in the same slow and composed manner:

"The calamities growing out of that unhappy event are not to be attributed as crimes to her—the greatest sufferer by them."

"I am glad you see it in this light, Sir Parke," said Lord Montessor, at the same time thinking within himself that it was a signal pity he could not have seen it before in the same light.

"We have determined to establish the first marriage," said the baronet, with the cool confidence of an autocrat. "I have talked with my friend, the Archbishop of York, and he thinks with me that it is the only thing to be done."

"But—you are sure of your ground—you are certain that it can be done?"

Sir Parke put down the hand that had been caressing his own chin, turned upon the cavalier a look of cool surprise, and said:

"Assuredly, sir. Can there be a question of it? The only obstacle to the validity of that childish union was the lack of my consent. Now, I intend to leave it to be supposed that my silence all these years was the silence of consent. Yes, sir. Had I known of, and felt an opposition to that marriage, I might have broken it up at first. That I failed to do so—from whatever cause—argues my consent."

That I allowed it to exist unquestioned, up to the legal majority of my daughter, establishes the marriage. So my friend, the Archbishop, views it. The affair will be heard in chambers. The court is friendly to my interests. The decision will involve no question of property or of dowry, only the honour of my house, which must be redeemed."

"When will the case come on?"

"Very soon. It will be the first cause taken up."

"You have not lately heard from your daughter?"

"Not since her departure for America. I, however, despatched a messenger after her, from whom I am expecting to hear by every mail," replied Sir Parke, slightly betraying the great uneasiness he felt.

"Then I bring you the latest news of Estelle."

Now, both Sir Parke and Lady Morelle had expected this; but were both too cool and self-governed to hazard an inquiry or manifest anxiety upon the subject.

At Lord Montessor's words, however, Lady Morelle raised her head, and Sir Parke answered:

"Ah, indeed; then I hope, my lord, that you will tell me she is well, and within reach of my agent."

"She was well when I left, and living in retirement in Maryland."

Sir Parke bowed, and compressed his lips. Lady Morelle flushed, and averted her face. Self-controlled as they were, their increasing anxiety betrayed itself.

Lord Montessor understood its full meaning, and with his usual straightforward candour, replied:

"Fear nothing, Sir Parke, although, when I left the shores of England in pursuit of Estelle, I believed her to be my lawful bride; yet, since affairs have taken this unexpected turn, I thank Heaven that I have not seen her from the day she left the protection of her aged pastor, and moreover, that I had not passed one moment alone with her since leaving the altar."

"That is well," answered Sir Parke, coolly, and in no degree revealing that a great burden of anxiety had been lifted from his mind.

Lady Morelle's countenance resumed its slightly discomposed serenity.

"But it is only fair to inform the parents of Estelle that when the decision of the Archbishops' Court is rendered I shall become a candidate for her hand. Until that time I am forbidden, of all, to seek her."

Sir Parke bent his head.

"You are right, my lord," he said.

Lady Morelle now, also, for the first time, entered into the conversation by saying:

"You informed us that Estelle was living in retirement in some part of Maryland. Will you please to designate more exactly the place of her residence?"

"I cannot do so, madame, since I am not advised of it. Had I been so, it is probable that I should not now be sitting among you."

"Your information, then, is not very precise or satisfactory."

"It is satisfactory, so far as it goes, madame; though I admit it is not very precise. Permit me to explain."

And Lord Montessor here related the circumstances of his acquaintance with Barbara Brande, together with the conversations he had held with her upon the subject of Estelle.

"But is this reliable? Is not Estelle the last woman in the world, even in her extremity, to make a confidante of such a she-savage?" inquired Sir Parke.

"Have I, then, been so unjust or incompetent as to give you that idea of Miss Brande?—a heroic Christian woman, if ever I saw one!" exclaimed Lord Montessor, warmly.

"A female sailor, at best. But let that pass, Montessor, since you are her apologist. Here comes John from the steward's room."

The footman now, indeed, appeared and announced:

"The tenants are all arrived, Sir Parke."

"Well," said the baronet, rising with a disatisfied air—"I suppose we must show ourselves to them—I suppose they came pouring in likeher from the church, eh, John?"

"Church is just out, sir, and they have just dropped in to Mr. Thompson's room, to wish you honour a merry Christmas."

"And to drink a pipe of wine! very good! Lady Morelle, will you go with me?"

"I thank you, Sir Parke," said her ladyship, shrugging her graceful shoulders at the thought of meeting the heterogeneous company below.

"And you, Montessor?"

"I will attend you with pleasure, Sir Parke."

"Come, then! It is an old custom, to treat our tenants on Christmas Day; and though I would have well dispensed with their company on this occasion, and though nothing was said about their coming, you see they have not forgotten it," said the baronet, as they left the room.

"A time-honoured custom worthy to be observed, Sir Parke, and I hope indeed that my bailiff at Montessor is not forgetting my children there, at this present time," replied the young peer, who was indeed the patriarch of his own tenants and dependants.

"By the way, can you tell me why Dazzleright has not made his appearance?"

"He will be down by the noon train, Sir Parke."

"Ah, indeed, if that is so—John!"

"Yes, sir," said that functionary, coming up.

"Tell Jenkins to put the greys to the carriage and go to the 'Arms' to wait for Lord Dazzleright."

"Yes, sir," and this official disappeared.

They went down another flight of steps and entered the steward's room, where about fifty or sixty persons, men, women, and children, were assembled.

The men were all standing for the want of sufficiency of seats to accommodate their numbers; and the women all sitting, with the children gathered at each mother's knee, to be kept out of mischief.

Four moderate-sized tables were set out and laden with huge loaves of bread and rounds of beef, great cheeses and mammoth seed-cakes—all veritable pieces of resistance.

In one corner, under the direction of the butler, stood two grinning footmen, surrounded by several hampers of wine, and flanked by a stand laden with glasses.

One of these worthies was engaged in drawing corks, while the other filled the goblets on the stand.

At the opposite end of the room, with his firm feet planted upon the rug, and his broad, responsible back towards the fire, stood Mr. Thompson, the steward, to impose decorum by his magisterial presence.

Upon the entrance of the lord of the manor and

his distinguished guest, this "decorum" grew more decorous—took a higher degree. The flunkies at the hamper stopped grinning. The men all bowed. The women all arose and courtesied.

Sir Parke received their homage graciously. "I am happy to see you here as usual, my friends. Sit down all of you who can find seats; but you will give the women the preference, I know. Thompson, see that our good friends lack nothing. Brodie, mind that you do not spare the cellars," said the baronet.

A few of the elder and more privileged among the tenants now advanced, bowed to the guest, and shook hands with their landlord, wishing both—

"A merry Christmas and many happy returns of the same."

The first course of wine was then served around. And a grey-haired tenant arose in his place and proposed:

"Our honoured landlord, his family, and his guests—may everlasting happiness be theirs!"

The toast was heartily taken up and drank with enthusiasm—for just at Christmas Sir Parke Morelle and his lady were well liked by their dependants—or if they were not, their Christmas cheer was, which answered the same purpose.

When the uproar of the toast-drinking had subsided the baronet and his visitor, wishing the assembled people health and prosperity, withdrew, leaving them to their repast.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The gentlemen then went to the drawing-room, whither Lady Morelle in full dinner dress had already preceded them.

And here Lord Montessor learned that other guests were then staying at the house—a fact that he never could have supposed from the gloomy aspect of the place.

However they were soon joined by her grace, the old Duchess of Gravenminster, with her granddaughters, the ladies Jane and Mary Chappelle, and oh, "tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the gates of Askelon!"—by Lord and Lady Monson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kenneagh, and Mrs. Bute Trevor!—ladies who, in Lady Bannerman's boudoir, had been the most unsparring in their denunciation of the beautiful Estelle, the only daughter of that house whose hospitality they now sought.

Does the reader wonder at this? No, he does not.

He or she knows this double dealing to be the way of too many people in this world of ours, and will not therefore wonder even when I affirm that these were almost self-invited guests, a party made up to please themselves, and through the medium of the Duchess of Gravenminster, all but forced upon the hospitalities of Hyde Hall.

For in truth, neither the baronet nor his lady were in the slightest degree disposed to entertain a Christmas party at their sorrowful house.

Late in the afternoon Lord Montessor's valet came in a postchaise from the "Morelle Arms," with his master's portmanteau and dressing-case—conveniences that were growing imminently necessary; for in truth his lordship's toilet, by reason of his hasty journey, was in a very unordly plight.

A little later in the evening Lord Dazzleright arrived by the carriage that had been sent for him, and just in time to dress for dinner.

That Christmas feast was served by candle-light at six o'clock.

A distinguished company gathered around the board, but something was felt to be wanting!

Where was she, the heiress of that house, the father's pride, who should have been the "star of that goodie company?"

Missing, gone, lost!

And though many splendid chandeliers flashed down their rainbow radiance over the festive scene, they would not compensate for that light withdrawn. All felt the gloom and shadow of her absence.

And very dull would have been this dinner party but for the presence of the brilliant conversationist, Baron Dazzleright.

Sir Parke Morelle understood his value upon these occasions, and therefore, when in a manner compelled to invite this Christmas party to his gloomy house, had, for this reason, among others, pressed Lord Dazzleright to come down to Hyde.

Witty, sparkling, sarcastic, caustic, he was the right sort of biting acid to throw into the alkali of this fat set, to sting them into life and effervescence.

And he did it. The conversation prospered—the jest, the jibe, the repartee, and the laugh went round.

When the ladies had retired from the table the

festivity turned to revelry, and laughter, song and toast went around for an hour longer.

Then, in good time, they joined Lady Morelle and her companions in the drawing-room, where coffee was served.

And there still was Lord Dazzleright "the life of the company."

He was but thirty-five years old, handsome, talented, witty, distinguished, wealthy, titled, and—unmarried! consequently he was the worshipped of all young widows, single girls, and manœuvring mammae.

In the first part of the evening he distributed his services very equally among the ladies present; but, in the latter part, divided his attentions between the two ladies Chappelle; and, last of all, confined his devotions to the pretty widow, Mrs. Bute Trevor.

When the hour for retiring had arrived Lord Dazzleright bowed out every guest before he bid Sir Parke and Lady Morelle good-night.

And after these Herculean labours, these unheard-of exertions, he bowed himself out, and, with a weary air, followed upstairs the footman who was to show him his sleeping-room.

"Where is Lord Montessor's chamber?" he inquired of this functionary, as soon as he had dragged himself up one flight of stairs, and paused in the hall of the second floor.

"There, sir, just opposite your own," replied John.

"Go then, you needn't wait."

John touched his forelock and retired.

"Let me in! Let me in!" exclaimed the lion of the evening, roaring rather peremptorily at the door of Lord Montessor's apartment.

His lordship himself opened the door, and appeared with a look of surprise on his face.

"What, has your fellow gone to bed, Montessor?"

"He has not come up from the servants' hall yet. But what on earth ails you?—fatigued with your exertions, or borne down under the weight of your laurels—which? You look, at once, as weary and as triumphant as a warrior who putteth off his armour." What is it?" inquired Montessor.

Dazzleright threw himself into a chair, exclaiming:

"Oh, these women! these women!"

"What women?"

"These fine ladies! It is a weariness of the soul to try to entertain them for one evening!"

"Ah, and now I look at you more closely, it is not triumphant but desperate that you look."

"I am just a little excited, and if some of these are not taken away to-morrow morning I shall elope!—that is all!" exclaimed Dazzleright, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief and wiping his heated brow.

"With whom?" coolly inquired Lord Montessor.

"Montessor, don't aggravate my symptoms! I am in a considerable state of nervous excitement."

"The truth is, that you suffer from what the French wittily call the 'embarrassment of riches.' You do not know how to choose between the fair Lady Jane or Mary Chappelle, and the pretty Mrs. Bute Trevor."

"Where are my pistols? If I had them at hand I might do something indiscreet—the ladies Chappelle and Mrs. Bute Trevor, two innans, characterless girls, and a flat, spiritless widow. I had as leave wed one of Madame Tussaud's wax images as either."

"You are severe; they are what are called 'harmoniously developed women,' answered Lord Montessor, with the least possible of quiet humour.

"Then, in the name of all life, give me monsters!" broke forth Dazzleright, with energy. "Bah, bah, they are as like each other, and as like all their class, as peas in a pod. I beg the peas pardon—peas have life—these women are as uniform, as dull, as dead, and as heavy as leaden bullets from the same mould; with no more originality, individuality, life, power than the leaden balls aforesaid. By my soul, they are so uniform that each should be ticketed with her name, that we may know her from her fellows."

"Chut!" you have received a flat from Lady Jane or Mary Chappelle," laughed Lord Montessor.

"I received a flat! No! and I never shall from any fine lady. I have been trying to entertain a score of flats, that's it."

"You will marry Mrs. Bute Trevor yet," persisted Lord Montessor.

"I'll marry an Indian squaw. Civilised women are degenerated—besides being so much alike that I can't tell one from another!" exclaimed Dazzleright, bouncing out of the room.

The next day was the Sabbath, and the family and their visitors attended Divine service at the little Gothic chapel outside the park gate.

On Monday Lord Dazzleright put his threat in execution and rather than spend another evening in the arduous and unprofitable labour of trying to lead, took leave of his friends and departed, telling no one the fact that imperative business called him back to town.

On the second of January the Christmas broke up, and the guests left the sombre shades of Hyde Hall to seek more cheerful scenes.

On the evening of the same date Lord Montessor, accompanied by Sir Parke Morelle, took the up train to London, where they arrived the next morning at daybreak, and proceeded immediately by appointment to the house of Lord Dazzleright in Berkeley Square.

It was time they had come. The Arches Court was sitting, and the question of the L'Orient marriage was before it.

Sir Parke Morelle used all his powerful connection and social influence, and Lord Dazzleright devoted his great legal abilities to bring about the desired decision.

And after a session of ten days—shall we also say, after a deliberate, careful, and impartial investigation?—that decision was rendered.

The decision established the validity of the marriage.

Lord Dazzleright laughed aloud when he heard it.

Sir Parke Morelle received the news with the composure of a man who was prepared to expect nothing else.

But Lord Montessor turned pale, he was thinking how perilously uncertain are the dearest interests in life, when their permanency may be shown to depend upon the merest legal quibbles; he was remembering how nearly, in his blind devotion, he had fatally compromised Estelle; he was thanking Heaven that her pure instinct had been a safer guide than all his power of intellect.

The three gentlemen consulted upon the question of what should be their next step. All agreed that it was better they should wait no longer to hear from the agent who had been despatched to America in quest of Estelle; but that Lord Montessor should get all the information he could possibly obtain from Barbara Brande; after which his lordship should accompany Sir Parke Morelle on a voyage to the United States in search of the missing one.

This plan having been determined upon, Sir Parke hurried down into Devonshire, to have his wardrobe packed up, his purse replenished, and to bid adieu to his lady; meanwhile leaving Lord Montessor in London to wait for Barbara Brande, whose vessel had crossed the Channel, but was daily expected back.

Almost every day Lord Montessor went down to St. Katharine's Docks to inquire for the "Petrel." At length his perseverance was rewarded.

One day he went down to the dock, accompanied by Lord Dazzleright, and was so fortunate as to spy the "Petrel," anchored some distance down the river.

Hailing a waterman, he hired his boat to take himself and friend to that vessel.

They entered the boat, and in a very few minutes were rowed out and brought up alongside the little craft.

The "Petrel," as usual, was in the nicest possible trim.

Her snow-white sails were neatly clewed up; her clean ropes were carefully coiled away; her deck was newly scrubbed; her painted doors and ports freshly washed, and very bright, and every scrap of metal about her body shining like gold and silver.

A Sabbath stillness reigned aboard. Two boys, neatly dressed in sailor's costume, had charge of the deck.

As Lord Montessor and his friend came up the starboard gangway, the elder of these boys walked forward and took off his hat.

"Ah! this is my friend, Willifd Brande, said Lord Montessor, taking his hand, cordially shaking it, and then presenting him to Lord Dazzleright.

"Where is your sister, my lad?" inquired Montessor.

"Gone up to Manchester to see if she can make a better bargain for cotton goods with the manufacturer."

"Indeed! Why, when did she go?"

"Yesterday morning."

"Really? Why, I thought you were just in?"

"No, sir; we cast anchor yesterday at sunrise."

Sister left for Manchester at about eleven o'clock."

"And when do you expect her home?"

"Every moment. She promised to be back to-day by the midday train, and sister never disappoints us. It is now past noon, and we may look for her every minute. There she is now! I said so!" exclaimed the boy, in sudden joy, pointing to a boat well laden, and having besides one female passenger, and which was just pushing off from the shore.

They followed the direction of his finger, and recognised Barbara seated among many bales of what seemed dry goods.

"Who takes care of the craft while your sister is away?"

"I do—but Nep and Jack do any heavy work that is needed; and Climeña, sister's woman-servant, cooks for us. And then sister never leaves us for more than one day at the time."

Lord Montessor now went to speak to the younger lad, who was sitting under the shade of the forail, reading.

"What are you studying, my lad?"

"It is," said the boy, turning to the back of the book to give the title more accurately, "The Manners and Customs of Different Nations," a book that Mrs. Estel's woman made me a present of."

"Mrs. Estel!" exclaimed Lord Montessor, exchanging glances with Dazzerlight, who had just come up to his side.

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Estel—the lady who leased the Headland from my sister."

A sudden light broke on both gentlemen.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

EGYPTIAN PETROLEUM.—At appears from the experiments of Dr. Weil that Egyptian petroleum has a specific gravity of 0.953. The Pennsylvanian and Canadian oils have a specific gravity from 0.790 to 0.830. The Egyptian variety gives a very fine lubricating oil, free of all tarry matter; but as an illuminating oil it is inferior to American oils. It is better adapted, however, to serve as a fuel for steam generators, as it does not take fire until it attains a temperature of 135°6.

ECONOMICAL PAINT.—Skim milk, 2 quarts; fresh slacked lime, 8 ounces; linseed oil, 6 ounces; white Burgundy pitch, 2 ounces; Spanish white, 2 pounds. The lime to be slacked in water, exposed to the air, and mixed in one fourth the milk. Dissolve the pitch in the oil and add a little at a time. Then add the rest of the milk and the Spanish white.

PEOPLE have been accustomed to imagine that, failing all other modes of shuffling off their mortal coil, self-destruction was within reach of the humblest by the simple means of starvation. This is a fallacy, and science has exploded it with others of its ilk. The proverb which says "you may bring a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink," is fallacious. You can make him drink if you go to work scientifically, and you can make a man take nutriment whether he will or no. Thus apply the terminals of a Ruhmkorff electric coil so as to pass a current from the pharynx to the upper side of the neck, just below the angle of the upper jaw, and the muscles of that region will contract and the pharynx will perform an upward movement, thus involuntarily going through all the motions of swallowing, and disposing of any morsel which the mouth may contain. A French physician, Dr. Ritti, accidentally discovered this new use of electricity, and has by its means preserved the life of a lunatic who had for some days absolutely refused all form of nutriment.

A DISCOVERY is likely to be highly profitable to Jersey, namely, the existence on the west coast of Jersey of rock largely laden with lead ore of good quality, and indications are said to exist of the presence of argentiferous metal. Several tons of the ore have been shipped to England for the purpose of being assayed.

"STEAM SUPERSEDED."—The death is announced of Mr. Wallwork, who was engaged maturing an invention which he styled "a new motive power, to supersede steam," and which it is stated he completed about six days before his death took place. It is stated positively that the machine has been worked by Mr. Parr, and fully justifies what Mr. Wallwork had stated to him it would do. Its power, he stated, was unlimited—of course increasing the strength of the material—and at a trial it blew off air at a pressure of 40lb., as tested by a patent steam gauge. Mr. Mason is patenting the invention—which is extremely simple in construction, and is a wonder to those who have witnessed it how it has been kept so many years in abeyance—at a considerable cost in all countries. It will be put to a large engine and tried practically in the place of steam. Having no fire, of course it emits no smoke, works without noise, and the first machine, it is said, will do the work of a 50-horse-power engine, yet it takes up so little room that a light cart and one horse carried all away, including the patterns. If all this

turns out to be correct we may look for a revolution in the engineering and manufacturing world; and Mr. Mason, a practical man, is sanguine as to the results.

AERIAL TORPEDOES.—Humanitarians, who look for the suppression of war to the development of the deadliest engines of warfare, will read with satisfaction a suggestion recently thrown out for a further employment of the torpedo. A torpedo balloon, the device is to be styled, and the name is a sufficient indication of its nature. A balloon is to be constructed capable of rising with a torpedo beneath it, and starting to windward of a camp or fortified city, or whatever it is desired to destroy, is to be burst or detached by means which it would be easy to contrive, and thus to allow its cargo of death and destruction to fall into the midst of the enemy. The detachment of the torpedo, it is suggested, might be effected with great ease and certainty by means of a thin electric wire, and the proper moment for dropping the charge, in order to explode it on any given point, would be only a matter of instrumental observation and a little practice. The idea seems to be fearfully practicable; and apart from the consideration of the very perfection of modern warfare seems really to present the most hopeful prospect of universal peace, it might be denounced as too frightful an idea to be entertained by civilised combatants. By means of such an engine a fortified place might be attacked from a point from which no guns could be brought into action, and without the smallest opportunity of retaliation. The carnage and devastation by the explosion of a torpedo in a fortress or camp would be infinitely greater than a bombshell could produce, and while to the besiegers even a failure need involve no harm or even danger, the balloon might be floated out of the range of shot, and to the besieged would be fraught with ruin against which no conceivable defence would avail anything. The effect of a torpedo dropped into a garrisoned fortress or a fortified camp would be something really dreadful to contemplate.

FISH CULTURE.—Experiments in Lake Champlain and its tributaries on fish culture, we are informed, prove that the eggs of a single pair of shad, artificially treated, can be made to produce more young fish than those of 200 pairs of natural spawners.

A DANCING LESSON.

It was one of London's gala-days. The Thames was alive with pleasure-boats, and its banks were thronged with people.

"Let us visit Vauxhall," proposed one of a barge of beauties escorted by a gentle-looking youth, as they stood contemplating the enlivening spectacles.

None dissenting, a boat was hailed and the party entered.

It was the loveliest of spring evenings. On every hand white sails glistened, while an inspiring breeze rippled the water, whose joyous murmurs, mingled with the hum of voices and broken by plash of oars and an occasional hilarious shout, gave token that Father Thames was at his happiest and gayest.

Catching the animation of the scene, the young man drew a flute from his pocket and played several gleeful airs. He was an excellent performer, and soon had a crowd of listeners. Other boats drew near, whose passengers bent forward in eager admiration. But the young musician, it seems, had no desire to exhibit in public, for at once he ceased to play and returned the instrument to his pocket.

Among the craft that had gathered round was a barge containing a company of gaily-dressed officers. One of these, having no mind to be balked in his wish to be amused, in a tone savouring more of command than of request, directed the player to continue.

The insolent demand passed unheeded. Throats followed, but produced no greater effect. Furious at the failure of his swaggering words to intimidate the meek-faced youth, the officer ordered the rowers to force the barge alongside the boat, declaring his purpose to fling the offending flutist overboard.

The ladies were greatly frightened. Seeing the stalwart bully prepare to execute his threat they implored their young companion to yield, at least for their sake.

Rosy lips are always eloquent. The young man smiled, and resuming his flute, played a number of tunes even gayer than before.

The victorious officer beat time affectedly, applauded mockingly each performance, and by his exultant manner seemed to say:

"See how redoubtable I am."

At length they reached Vauxhall, where the two parties separated.

Though calm in appearance, the young man burned to resent the affront he had received. Not an instant did he lose sight of his insulter. Separating from the ladies under some pretext, he watched his opportunity to approach the officer in an isolated spot.

"Your tone, sir," he said, "appears a little overbearing."

"At least I make myself obeyed," was the haughty answer.

"That depends on how one regards it; for my part, I think otherwise."

"At any rate, in your case—"

"Oh! you can hardly suppose," interrupted the young man, "that I yielded in obedience to your orders."

"To what end is all this?"

"To explain that I played the flute, not at your command, but in compliance with the wishes of the ladies, whom you were villain enough to seek to frighten."

"Am I to understand this as a challenge?"

"Why not?"

The officer smiled disdainfully.

"Well, sir," he rejoined, "you are entitled to satisfaction; when and where will you have it?"

"To-morrow, at daybreak, in Hyde Park, without seconds, the quarrel being private."

"The weapons?"

"Swords."

The conditions settled, the parties separated.

Both were punctual to the engagement. The officer took his place, and was preparing to put himself on guard when the young musician, from whose face all expression of meekness had disappeared, drew a long pistol from beneath his coat, and pointed it at his adversary.

"What, would you murder me?" exclaimed the officer in alarm.

"That depends upon yourself," replied the other.

"Yesterday I played the flute, to-day you shall dance a hornpipe."

"You take an unfair advantage."

"As you did of the presence of the ladies yesterday. Come, sir—a hornpipe, if you please."

"I refuse—your conduct is infamous."

"Dance or die!" thundered the youth, accompanying the words with a gesture so menacing that no doubt was left in the officer's mind that the speaker was in earnest. He found himself in a solitary place, at the mercy of a man whom he believed to be relentless.

With an ill-grace the hornpipe was executed.

"You dance admirably," said the young man, when the other had finished—"better even than I play the flute. Now, that we are quits, we shall, if you please, begin another dance in which I will be your vis-a-vis;" and, without saying more, he put up his pistol and drew his sword.

The officer, satisfied with the lesson he had received, and judging better of the man whom he had so grossly insulted, extended his hand amicably. The other received it, and the pair parted friends.

It is no story we have been telling, but a true account of an incident in the early life of Dr. Edward Young, the melancholy author of "Night Thoughts," to whom, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, in the manner we have described, a blustering son of Mars was indebted for "A Dancing Lesson."

A CHEERFUL FACE.

NEXT to the sunlight of Heaven is a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile—all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair; out of the mists and shadows, away from tears and repining, into the beautiful realm of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within.

Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency, and a host of evil passions, may lurk around the door—they may even look within—but they never enter and abide therein; the cheerful face will put them all to shame and flight. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel we cannot express, and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy; we turn towards the sun, and its warm, genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting spirits. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face!

It charms us with a spell of eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth. It may be a little face—one that we nestle on our bosoms, or sing to sleep in our arms with a low, sweet lullaby, but it is such a bright, cheerful face. The scintillations of joyous spirit are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has over the household, binding each heart together in tenderness, love and sympathy.

Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this little face shines between, and the shining is so bright that the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners when the cheerful face is gone.

It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less bright. We linger near it, and gaze tenderly upon it. We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone.

EARLY RISING.

For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty about early to rise, is committing a sin against his own soul.

There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All the stuff written about great men who sleep only three or four hours a night is apocryphal. They have been put upon such small allowance occasionally, and prospered; but no man ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep.

If you can go to bed early then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late then rise late. Let the rousing bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. It is barbarous to expect children to instantly land on the centre of the floor at the call of their nurses, the thermometer below zero. Give us time after you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

A MODEL WOMAN.

"Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B—is his poor?"

"Yes, he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favour his suit?"

"No; and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Ellen, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter—I shall see more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house, and furnish it plainly."

"Yes; for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floor with thin, cheap carpets."

"Then I shall hear his step the sooner."

SOMETHING TO DO.

It is an old trick of despots, and a good one, to employ their subjects. Why? To keep them out of mischief. Employed men are most contented. There is no conspiracy. Men do not sit down and coolly proceed to concoct iniquity as long as there is plenty of pleasant and profitable employment for body and mind. Work drives off discontent, provided there is compensation in proportion to the amount of labour performed. There must be a stimulant. He never intended a man should sweat without eating of the fruits of his labour—reaping a reward—any more than He intended the idle man should revel in plenty and grow gouty on luxuries.

Industry is a great peace-maker—a mind-your-own-business citizen. Something to do renders the despairing good-natured and hopeful—stops the cry

of the hungry, and promotes all virtue. The best men are the most industrious; the most wealthy work the hardest. They always find something to do. Do you ever wonder that men of wealth do not "retire" and enjoy their substance?

We know some young men look forward with anticipation to the time of "retiring." It is doubtful if a man should ever retire from business as long as he lives. We think we know men who, were they to abandon business, would be ruined, not pecuniarily, but mentally—their lives would be shortened. The Creator never intended that man's mind should become dormant. It is governed by fixed laws. Those laws are imperative in their exactions.

Something to do. "Oh, if I had something to do!" There are young men who sigh for it, yet one thing they can do—that is, seek for a job. Once found, provided it is an honest one, do not hesitate to perform it, even if it does not pay so well as you expected.

DRAMA.

It may be interesting to some forty or fifty thousand people, who believe they are capable of writing a good play, if they only knew how the technical and construction part should be managed, to read the following advice recently given by an authority:

I. The subject of a drama must be capable of being fully treated in fifteen chapters at most.

II. The subject should be capable of being acted without the aid of narrative.

III. The subject must have a connected plot in which one event depends on the other.

IV. The interest of the plot turns on either love or death, and generally hinges on a single action or episode.

V. Keep furniture and set pieces out of front scenes, if possible.

VI. Put the best writing into the front scenes.

VII. Front scenes ought to terminate in a suspense, which the following scenes will relieve.

VIII. Avoid fine points, and have plenty of action at the beginning of the first act.

IX. Open the first act with a quiet picture, and bring in the disturbing element at once. Having aroused attention, bring on all your characters, and end with an excitement. Avoid bringing on characters in pairs in this act.

X. The first act should be the shortest, and as soon as a partial climax is reached, the curtain should come down. The tableau and action should indicate suspense and preparation.

XI. From the second to the last act the interest must be regularly increased, and each act must end in suspense, leading to the next.

XII. Concentrate the interest on few characters, and avoid numerous unimportant parts.

By "front scene," the author means the narrow scene enclosed by the two "flats," and near the footlights, as distinguished from the "full-depth" scene or background of the stage.

GLORIA;

OR,

MARRIED IN RAGE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"ANOTHER year passed away, and this was two years and a half since the loss of my poor darling Desolée. We had not heard from her in all that time; we had resigned the hope of ever hearing from her when one night in February, just as we were all thinking of going to bed, the door was opened without any knock, or any sort of warning, and a pale, fragile woman entered the room.

"Who are you, and how in the world did you get here?" I inquired, in my first surprise.

"O-h-h, mother! Don't you know me?" answered the stranger.

"And I knew Desolée at once, and with a cry of joy I clasped her to my breast! And soon I cried out to the others:

"Oh, Jimmy! Oh, Kate! It is my daughter! It is your sister! It is Desolée!"

"By that time she had fainted on my bosom. But oh! we gave her a welcome. If the prodigal son, who had sinned from selfishness and recklessness and sensuality, was to be received and caressed, how much more the daughter, who had erred from only misdirected love!"

"When she awoke from her state of unconsciousness she found herself in bed, with three loving friends around her, only seeking who could serve her best, and her only words were:

"I don't deserve it! I don't deserve it; but if you know how I have suffered you would forgive me."

"Kisses and caresses stopped her mouth. We would not even let her explain anything just then."

"But the next hour, when Jimmy and Kate had gone upstairs, she had me all to herself, sitting by her bed. Oh, Davie, what a tale she told me!"

"Dyvyd Gryphyn had sought to obtain her love on lighter terms than marriage, when once he thought he had got her into his power by taking her to Liverpool.

"But she had reminded him of the promise of marriage upon which alone she had consented to leave her home and go with him.

"He then told her that her good name was already lost in her elopement, and that she had nothing more to lose, but much to gain in becoming his companion without marriage.

"But she told him she had her own soul to lose, which she would never risk in such a way. That she would never be his companion without marriage, and if he should decline to perform his promise to her, she would return to her friends and throw herself upon their mercy.

"Then he twitted her with her want of money.

"But she told him that she would go to some Christian minister and tell her whole story, and beg to be put to any hard work until her friends could be heard from; and if the Christian minister could not help her, then she would seek some magistrate and denounce herself as a runaway daughter, and beg to be put in prison until her father and mother could be told.

"And here my poor child assured me that it was from no selfish pride that she thus withstood Dyvyd Gryphyn, but because her conscience would never have permitted her to have left her home with him except upon the promise of marriage, and would not afterward permit her to remain with him unless that promise was fulfilled.

"It was very bitter, my own dear mother," she said—"it was very bitter to withstand him whom I so loved and revered; but I knew not any comfort in love without religion! My love was religion! To my husband I would have given everything—my will, myself, my soul! But to my lover who would not acknowledge the Lord in our love—who would sanctify our union—much as I loved him, I could give nothing—nothing!"

"Well, mother, he married me," she continued—"he married me, and he took me abroad and we travelled over the Continent. But he was not happy with me. Sometimes he seemed to hate me without a cause! He would never acknowledge me as his wife. He told me I had attained that position by acting on his passions; but that he would never acknowledge my right to it. That, in justice, I was his companion and no more.

"That hurt me, mother; but still, as I knew I was his wife and he was my husband I was enabled to submit, and I did submit. It was pleasing to yield to my husband where it would have been a bitter humiliation if he had not been so.

"But, ah Heaven, I was not educated or accomplished. He did not introduce me as his wife among his equals abroad; he secluded me from respectable society and only presented me to the men and women of that world of which you never heard, dear mother, and of which I knew nothing until my initiation into it by him.

"He introduced me as his companion, and, of course, no one respected me as his wife. Some men paid particular attention to me, believing me to be free, free in every good and bad sense of the word. And this consequence of his own conduct excited a furious jealousy which he always visited upon my head.

"At length there came an end to this. When his money was nearly all spent he had to return to his native country and to his patrimonial estate at Gryphynhold. He took me there, but did not introduce me to his servants as his wife. Ah Heaven! he seemed to derive pleasure from humiliating me, and making me hang my head before his humblest slave.

"I could hardly bear their eyes upon me—though knowing all the time that I was my husband's blameless, wedded wife. One day the housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, came to me and said:

"Madame, I have been housekeeper here at Gryphynhold for years, but I must leave now."

"My cheeks grew hot, but I summoned courage to ask her:

"Is it on my account that you leave?"

She said it was.

"Then I laid my hand on the Bible and said: 'I am Dyvyd Gryphyn's wedded wife. Look me straight in the eyes and tell me if I speak truly.' She did so, and answered: 'You speak truly,' and after a little while she asked me:

"Why does he not acknowledge you, ma'am?"

"Then I told her my whole story. You see, mother, there was one thing I could not do even to please him.

"I could not face the honest women in the household while they believed me to be other than the wife of their master.

"So I told Mrs. Brent my whole story, and begged her to set the other domestics right.

"Soon after this, mother," continued the poor girl, "my first child was born, a little lass that I named after you—Margaret; but I called her Peggy, as father used to call you, you know. He would not let her be baptised by any minister. He did not believe in the Christian religion any more than he did in marriage. But I myself privately baptised my baby.

"She did not stop with us long, mother. She soon went to Heaven.

"Although she had been my only comfort I did not mourn for her much.

"I was satisfied that she was safe—no safe! I thought what must have been her fate, to grow up in such a house as Gryphynhold, under the influence of a father who did not believe in the Lord, or in the institution of marriage, or in anything holy or sacred.

"Everything went worse after the baby went away.

"He used to drink very hard; sometimes he would go away and stay for weeks, and then the house would be at peace; but he would come, bringing a company of revellers with him, who would turn the place into a pandemonium.

"He was as inconsistent as a madman. I sometimes think he was a madman, and therefore not to be held responsible for his conduct.

"He sometimes took the greatest pride in showing me off to his boon companions, and then became furious if I were admired, and visited his fury upon me.

"Oh, dear mother," my poor darling went on, "I hate to tell you all this, but it is on my mind, and it must come off.

"One night he returned home after a long absence, bringing with him a number of his companions. Among them Colonel Murdockson, whom I had never seen. After dinner, when they were all mad with drink, he sent me a scrawled order to dress myself in my handsomest dress and richest jewels and come down. I did not know they were all drunk. I did not dare to disobey, so I dressed and went down to them. My dress was a wine-coloured velvet, with a low neck and short sleeves trimmed with point lace, that he himself had ordered for me while we were in Paris. It was the only winter dress I had. I tell you this because of what followed.

"He presented me to his company, not as Mrs. Gryphyn, but as Mdlle. Desolée. And they saluted me at first with respect, but soon began to compliment me with a directness that made my face burn.

"Colonel Murdockson sat by me and would whisper to me. At last he said something about the beauty of my arms and neck. Then I got up to leave the table, but the man caught hold of me to keep me in my place. I broke away from him and ran out of the room and up the stairs; but I was overtaken on the landing by Dyvyd Gryphyn, who struck me sharply across the naked neck with the horsewhip he had seized from the rack in passing. I screamed and fled, for the whip had cut into my flesh like a sword of fire.

"My flight seemed to infuriate him, for he rushed upon me and seized me before I could open the door of my room, and he showered blows from his whip over my bare arms and shoulders until I dropped, bleeding and exhausted, at the threshold of my room.

"Then he opened the door and thrust me in, with a mocking laugh and jeer, saying:

"Now I reckon you will not be so ready to display your lovely neck and arms. Their beauty is spoiled for the present."

"I heard these words as in a dream just as I lost consciousness."

"Do not tell me any more, grandmother!" exclaimed David Lindsay, starting up and beginning to walk the floor in strong excitement. "Do not! It is enough to drive one mad to hear such a story!"

The man—the monster—should have been locked up in a cell for the rest of his life."

"Ah, Davie," replied Dame Lindsay, "if at this distance of time it distresses 'ee so much to hear of this at second-hand, what must it have been for me to sit by the bedside of my child that night and gaze upon her pale, wasted face, and meet her sad eyes, and hear the story from her own lips?"

"Ah, what, indeed!" exclaimed the young man.

"But 'ee must hear it out, Davie. There is nothing quite as bad as that, not even his last atrocity. My girl went on with her story.

"Mother," she said, "when I came to myself it was morning, for the house was very still, and the long wax candles that had been lighted on my bureau when I went to dress to go down to that orgie of demons had burned low. I was very weak; but my wound had ceased to bleed, and I arose, took off my fine velvet dress, and went to the washstand and washed the blood from my arms and neck, and put on a gown and went to bed.

"In the morning I was not able to rise. Dyvyd Gryphyn never came near me to apologise for his drunken fury, nor did I expect or desire him to come.

"Mrs. Brent came, and seemed shocked at the state of my room, and especially of the washstand, and asked me questions.

"I would not give her any false explanation. I told her that I did not wish to answer; and as my scars were all well covered by the sleeves and yoke of my large white gown, she never knew of that terrible whipping, though I think she suspected Dyvyd Gryphyn of some hand in my illness. In the course of the day I heard that he had left Gryphynhold with his wild companions.

"I kept my bed all the morning, but in the afternoon I arose.

"Dyvyd Gryphyn was still absent—to my great relief; for you may judge what an ogre he had grown to be to me.

"That day also a quiet, restful season. I went to bed early, still feeling rather weak.

"I soon fell into a sound sleep, from which I was rudely awakened at midnight by someone shaking me roughly by the shoulders.

"I started up to see my husband standing before me like a demon of darkness.

"With a terrible oath, and calling me by an infamous name, he ordered me to get up and put on my clothes.

"I was too much frightened to disobey or to expostulate.

"I arose and did as he commanded, dressing myself in my usual house dress.

"He then swore at me, and told me to put on my bonnet and cloak.

"I obeyed, trembling and wondering what he meant to do with me. He soon showed me. He thrust me forth, and with more oaths and vile names told me to be gone, for he had done with me for ever.

"I heard the clock strike one, as he banged the door upon me, and looked and bolted and barred it against me. I stood for a moment on the stone steps outside. The night was dark as pitch, and it was snowing fast. Was I frightened, or inclined to stop there and beg for re-admittance? Oh, no, no, no! Turned out to perish in a snowstorm at midnight, as I seemed to be, I felt only the relief of a great deliverance.

"I remembered an old woman's hut, not far off, to which I had been accustomed to go on little errands of mercy. I found my way to that, and by knocking I at last woke up old Aunt Jenny, who was very much astonished to find me there. She took me in at once, and made me lie down in her bed, while she kindled up her fire and prepared a cup of tea.

"After I had drunk it I told her all about how I had been thrust out at midnight. She was not so much surprised at that as I thought she would have been.

"She said it was all of a piece with Dyvyd Gryphyn's character and the characters of his forefathers, not one of whom had ever died in his bed, or of a natural death. 'And if he does,' she added, 'he will be the first that ever did.'

"That night I slept the sleep of fatigue, for some hours. But early in the morning I got up. The snow had covered the ground, but had ceased to fall, and the sun was shining. I told Aunt Jenny that I must be off before anyone should see me, because I was afraid my tyrant would change his insane mind again and search for me, and find and force me back to his hold again.

"Aunt Jenny agreed with me that any fate would be better than to return to that man's power, so she fastened her door to prevent interruption, and then told me I had better disguise myself by putting on the Sunday clothes of her own boy, who was away at work at Wolf's Gap.

"She got them out for me, and while I was putting them on she prepared a homely breakfast of coffee, corn bread and salt herring, and she put up a bundle of provisions to last me several days.

"Fortunately I had found in the pocket of my dress my purse, containing notes and coin. I gave the good creature three pounds in payment of her son's suit of clothes, which she hesitated to take until she saw how much I still had left, when she gratefully accepted it.

"Half an hour later I set forth, dressed in a decent suit of boy's clothes, consisting of jacket, trousers and overcoat—of coarse, cassinet cloth. Around my throat was wound a woollen scarf, in which the lower part of my face was hidden.

"On my head a skin cap, with the deep leather visor drawn down over my eyes, and shading the upper part of my face. My long hair was wound up under a red handkerchief under my cap. On my feet a pair of strong leather boots that I wore over my own shoes, and then found them too large for me. On my hands a pair of coarse sheep-skin gloves.

"Over my left shoulder a stout hickory stick, on which a great bundle containing my own clothes tied up in one of Aunt Jenny's gay head-handkerchiefs, and a little bundle containing my provisions tied up in a small napkin. In my right hand a strong walking staff to help me on the mountain paths.

"And so I set forth—oh, so happily! No bird let loose from its cage; no prisoner delivered from his goal; no slave set free; no sinner pardoned and redeemed from sin, ever felt a more blessed sense of deliverance than I did!

"One must have been, like me, in purgatory, and in the power of tormenting fiends, to realise the full delights of such a deliverance and the pleasure of merely breathing the purer atmosphere!

"Aunt Jenny had warned me to stop for lodging only at the huts of the poor people, for she said, 'the poor are good to the poor.'

"It took me all day, by following the mountain path, to reach Wolf's Gap. It was night when I reached the ferry. I was glad of that, for no one could then see my face distinctly.

"I did not go to the ferry-house, but stopped to sleep in the hut of a poor woman.

"Early the next day I set out and walked on, sometimes singing with irrepressible joy in my freedom. I will not weary you with every detail of my journey, dear mother," continued my girl. I will only tell you that the farther I got from Gryphynhold the freer and happier I felt. Of course I followed the turnpike roads from village to village. Very often I got a lift in a market waggon or a farmer's cart. When I was near Llandudno I thought I should be safe to put on my own clothes. So I went into a thicket in the middle of a mild, sunny day, and I took off the overcoat, jacket and pants, and put on my own maroon coloured morino dress, and my cloth cloak and quilted silk hood, and tied up all the other things in as small a bundle as I could and took them on my arm, woman fashion.

"Then I walked into Llandudne and went to the station and took the train for Liverpool; there I took the steamboat to La Compté's Landing, which I reached yesterday afternoon, and where the first bad news met me. For there, mother, when I asked after you all at the islet, they told me that father was dead—that he died broken-hearted for the loss of his child."

"They told 'ee that cruel thing, Desolée!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, mother, for they didn't suspect who I was, not even when I engaged the old watchman to bring me over here in his boat," said my girl.

"They told 'ee wrong, Desolée; he died of malaria fever," I said, to console her; which was true also, 'ee knows, Davie. Then I asked her who she had not written after she left Liverpool. She looked very much surprised, and declared that she had written every week, and had given her letters to her husband to post, and that, from getting no answers, she supposed that we were still angry with her and that she was still unforgiven.

"A little more explanation between us proved Dyvyd Gryphyn must have destroyed her letters.

"I had noticed, with painful anxiety, that her narrative was frequently interrupted by a terrible cough. I asked her how she had got it. She told me that she had taken cold during the time she had changed her clothes in the wood, but she made light of her indisposition, and said that she knew she should soon get well and strong, now that she was at home.

"Well, Davie, lad, it was nearly eleven o'clock at night when she finished telling me her story. And then I undressed and laid down beside her, and we both slept tranquilly until the morning.

"But, Davie, she never got better. She faded and faded day after day. I saw, too, that some secret trouble was on her mind, oppressing her spirits and disturbing her rest. I was anxious to know what it could be.

"At length she took courage to tell me that secret."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"It was on a blustering, rainy night in the first week in February, Davie," continued Dame Lindsay, "my son and his wife had bidden us good-night, and had gone upstairs to bed. Desolée and myself sat over the fire together, as we often sat for hours after the other two had left us alone.

"She seemed even more down-hearted than ever. She sat with her hands clasped on her lap, and her great, dark eyes, looking larger and darker from the thinness and paleness of her face, staring into the fire. I watched her with an aching heart for a few minutes, and then I spoke:

"Desolée," I said, "what is there on 'ee mind that 'ee cannot tell me? Surely if there is any one in the world 'ee could trust with any secret at all, it would be me. Tell me, then, and relieve 'ee mind. Lay the burden of 'ee sorrow on the bosom where 'ee head has so often reposed."

"Then she arose and sat upon my lap, put her arm around my neck, and sobbed forth her secret.

"Oh, mother! mother! Oh, mother! mother!" she cried, "I am doomed to bring another child into this world."

"And is that the secret that troubles 'ee, Desolée?" I inquired, in real surprise; for to my mind the coming of a babe seemed a joy.

"Oh, yes, yes, but is not that enough? That I should be so doomed."

"Do not say 'doomed,' my daughter; say favoured; say blessed. I am glad 'ee will have a little angel from Heaven to comfort 'ee. I wish the house was full of little children that we might have so much more of Heaven with us. I can only wish 'ee joy, Desolée."

"I said, as I kissed her."

"But, oh, mother! A child of him! A child of Dyvyd Gryphyn! A child of an accursed race! Oh, mother! when my little girl was taken I felt comforted—comforted, for I knew she was taken away from the evil. I knew she was so safe. But this child may live; may live to inherit all the father's demon nature, and commit all the father's crimes," she sobbed.

"Nay, nay, but this is foolish of 'ee, Desolée," I said; "for though 'ee child may be born with much inherited evil, on one side, yet he will have much good on the other, and if it lives 'ee and me, by the blessing of the Lord, will so train it up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord' that all his evils shall be put out of him, and good take their place. Be grateful and joyful to the Lord, who will give 'ee a child to rear up for Him, and be faithful to the trust. And, meantime, take care of 'ee health and good spirits for 'ee child's sake; but are 'ee sure the child is coming, Desolée?" I asked.

"Yes, mother, quite sure," she answered, in a low tone of voice. "But I did not know—I did not even suspect such a fact at the time I fled from Gryphynhold. Only within a few weeks did I begin to suspect it, but now I am sure."

"Thank Heaven," I said. "And now be a brave, good little woman, and 'ee will be blessed in 'ee child."

"And so I encouraged her, not only that night, but always afterward, until she recovered her spirits, if not her health. She never recovered her health.

"Good Kate, when she found out what was coming, became even kinder to poor Desolée than she had been before."

"You don't know how I envy you, Desolée," she often said. "You can't know how I envy you because you will have a baby. I shall never be a mother, Desolée! That is my great grief!"

"You shall have my babe and be its mother; for I shall leave it to you," would my poor girl reply.

"And then we would chide her for such words, telling her that she would live to see her child grow up and make her life happy."

"But she would smile and shake her head, and say:

"I have already lived my life here. I shall stay, perhaps, until I place my babe in your arms, and then I shall go."

"It seemed of no use to argue with her. She insisted that she should go, yet so cheerfully that we could scarcely think that she believed her own prediction."

"Never was a child expected in any family with more joy than hers was. On the next visit of Father Moriarty I told him Desolée's notion that she was going to die, and he reasoned with her, but without effect.

"The winter passed, and the spring opened, and we all busied ourselves with preparations to receive the little stranger. I knit socks, Kate made flannel underclothes, and Desolée embroidered pretty white cambric slips.

"At length, on a fine summer morning, 'ee came to us to bless us, Davie Lindsay, and 'ee's been a blessing ever since!"

"My poor Desolée never got well; but she lived some weeks after 'ee came, Davie; and, at intervals, she left us directions what to do with 'ee."

"She gave 'ee to Kate and Jimmy to be brought up as their own son. And so that 'ee might have a right to their family name she had 'ee baptized by the name of David Lindsay. And then, in the presence of Father Moriarty, who performed the rites, she made us all promise to keep the secret of 'ee parentage from 'ee and from everybody, until 'ee should grow to man's estate. She dreaded, more than all evils, that 'ee should, in some way, fall into the hands of Dyvyd Gryphyn, and be brought up in his evil ways. So the secret of 'ee parentage was to be kept from 'ee till 'ee could be trained up in the ways of wisdom and goodness, and be strong enough to resist evil."

"Then to protect 'ee from suffering any loss of estate by this secret, 'ee parents' certificate of marriage was given to Father Moriarty, to be put away with the doctor's certificate of 'ee birth and priest's register of 'ee baptism."

"After that was all settled my poor girl seemed to have nothing left to keep her in this world. Her strength gradually failed. She grew weaker and quieter every day, until one evening, in early autumn, she fell asleep and never woke any more in this world."

"A few days after that we laid her body down by the side of her mother's, in the old churchyard at St. Inigoes, and then we tried to console ourselves in taking care of these, Davie. 'Ee's weeping, lad! Don't weep! All this happened so many years ago."

"Yes, I know it, but it seems very fresh to me today!" said the young man, whose tears had been falling fast during the latter part of the dame's story.

"So many years ago, Davie. And Jimmy and Kate brought 'ee up as their own son, and did a good part by 'ee as long as they lived in this world. 'Ee knows that, Davie, lad."

"Indeed I do know it," replied the young man.

"And after they two went to their heavenly home I did the best I could for 'ee, lad. At least I hope I did."

"You did, you did, dear granny!"

"And 'ee sees 'ee would ha' been the heir of Gryphynhold, if Dyvyd Gryphyn hadn't said it."

"He did not sell it, granny! Didn't I tell you?"

"'Ee told me that Dyvyd Gryphyn had sold it long ago to the great Portuguese Don, the father of our little lady."

"No, dear granny, you are mistaken. I told you that the Count De la Vera had bought the estate from the heir-at-law, or the supposed heir-at-law, of Dyvyd Gryphyn."

"Was he dead then—Dyvyd Gryphyn?"

"Yes, dear granny; I thought I had told you so!"

"No; or if 'ee did, I couldn't have understood 'ee. So Dyvyd Gryphyn is dead! How did he die? Not in his bed, I will be bound! For none of his race ever did!"

"Dear Granny, if my poor, unhappy young mother had lingered one day longer in the neighbourhood of Gryphynhold she would have heard the truth. Dyvyd Gryphyn was killed in a duel by Colonel Murdockson, with whom he had picked a quarrel on the day after that fatal revel."

"Ah! it was all of a piece with the fate of his evil race. But who was it that claimed to be heir-at-law and sold Gryphynhold to the Portuguese Don?"

"A Welsh baronet, Granny, Sir Owen Gryphyn, or Griffis, I think he was called."

"Well, no matter what he was called, he was not Dyvyd Gryphyn's heir-at-law, as long as Dyvyd Gryphyn had left a lawful son. He had no legal right to sell Gryphynhold, nor had the Portuguese Don the right to buy it and leave it to his daughter. But no matter who sold it and who bought it, 'ee, David Lindsay Gryphyn, lawfully owns it, and on the strength of 'ee mother's marriage and the register of 'ee own birth and baptism, 'ee can walk in and put out any other claimant."

"You forget, dear Granny, that our Gloria is in possession of Gryphynhold, and that I would never disturb her in her possession."

"Nay, certainly! why should 'ee, when 'ee's her husband, and she and all that she has is 'ee own?"

"I shall say nothing about my claim to the estate," said David Lindsay.

"Nay, there I think 'ee wrong, Davie. It is because 'ee does not know a true woman's heart, such as the heart of the little lady is. Ah, Davie, the little lady would rejoice with an exceeding great joy to discover that she owed her home of Gryphynhold to her husband rather than that he owed it to her."

David Lindsay did not immediately reply. He was reflecting whether he should explain to his old friend the terms upon which he had parted with his bride.

After a few moments of thought he decided that he would not reveal facts which might only disturb the mind of the old woman without being productive of any good results.

"I shall say nothing about my claim at present," he repeated.

"And now, Davie," continued the dame, "tell me what brought 'ee back here without the young lady?"

"I had some arrangements to make with her friends and guardian," answered the young man.

"Aye, of course. I did not think of that. Well, Davie, lad, does 'ee know that it is past midnight? 'Ee and 'ee old granny have been talking so busily here that we haven't noticed how the time has flown. Get the Book, Davie, and read the evening service for us. And then go upstairs to bed, lad. 'Ee'll find 'ee little room all ready for 'ee, just as if 'ee had been expected home every night," said Dame Lindsay.

David Lindsay drew the little table to the front of the fire, and placed the two lighted candles upon it, and then lifted the prayer-book from the top of the chest of drawers and brought it forward.

He read the prayers appointed for that evening, the old dame making the responses from memory.

When their devotions were concluded David Lindsay closed the book and replaced it on the chest of drawers, and then put the candles upon the marble shelf, pushed the little table back to the wall, and took up the tongs to put the chunks of wood together on the hearth, preparatory to covering up the fire for the night.

"I haven't had anybody to do that for me since 'ee went away, Davie—and before 'ee went away I never had to do it for myself!" said the old dame, smilingly.

"You will never have to do it again, dear granny," said the young man.

"Eh, but I must, when 'ee goes back to 'ee little lady," replied the old woman.

"When I go back to my little lady I think it quite likely you will accompany me, granny," replied David Lindsay.

"Ah, no, lad. Young married folks are better by themselves, and I shall do quite well here by myself; or I can get some woman to stay with me for small wages."

Before David Lindsay could reply to this observation there came something quite unprecedented in the history of the island—something that startled both the old woman and the young man out of their propriety.

It was a loud, resounding rap at the cottage door.

"What in the world can that mean at this hour of the night, Davie?" inquired Dame Lindsay, as she dropped back into the chair from which she had sprung up.

"I'll go and see," practically replied the young man, setting down the candle he had taken to light him up the stairs, and walking up to the door which he opened.

Two dark forms stood without. One carried a lantern, by whose feeble light it could be seen that the newcomers were two men.

"What do you want at this late hour?" inquired the young man.

"Mrs. Lindsay, sir. Is Mrs. Lindsay in?" said the man with the lantern.

"Yes, but what do you wish of Mrs. Lindsay at this hour?" demanded David.

"Well, sir, we want her to go up to General Stuart's house, and we have brought a boat to carry her."

"But it is an hour passed midnight. What on earth can anyone with such an old person, at such an hour, at General Stuart's?" She cannot go, of course. It is too late and too cold. It might cost her her life," the young man expostulated.

"Davie, dear, let me hear what the men have got to say. It may be some sick person wants me to nurse. And if that be so, I must go, 'ee knows," said the old dame, coming up to the door.

"Granny, you are not able to do so. It is monstrous to require it of you," exclaimed David Lindsay.

"I shall say nothing about my claim to the estate," said David Lindsay.

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"Granny, you are not able to do so. It is monstrous to require it of you," exclaimed David Lindsay.



[AT HIS MERCY.]

But the old woman quietly put him aside, and said to the men on the outside:

"Come in, and close the door. I cannot stand and talk to you while it is open."

They obeyed her.

As soon as they stood within the lighted room Dame Lindsay recognised both, and exclaimed:

"Why, it is General Stuart's Ben and George! What do 'ee want with me, boys? Is anybody sick? But, of course, there must be, if 'ee's sent to fetch me. Who is it?"

"If you please, mist'ess, dere's a gem'an dying up at our house, as wants to see you most particular about most important business. De doctor say how he can't live to see another sunrise. Fader Moriarty is wid him and hab sent you dis note," said Ben, the man who carried the lantern, as he handed a sealed letter to Dame Lindsay.

"Read it, Davie; read it," said the old woman, passing it over to the young man, who withdrew with it to the other end of the room, out of hearing of the messengers, and signed for her to follow him.

Dame Lindsay took a lighted candle from the mantelpiece and joined David, who broke the seal and in a low voice read as follows:

WOODLANDS, March 1st, 18—

"TO MRS. MARGARET LINDSAY: My dear daughter—Late as the hour will be when this shall reach you, I pray you to accompany the messenger back to this place. A penitent sinner lies dying here who wishes to make a confession to you, and to obtain your forgiveness for a great wrong before he shall depart. I should press you to come, under such circumstances, even if your own near interests were not—as they are—at stake. The future prospects of your adopted grandson, David Lindsay, are involved. A revelation concerning the fate of Dyvyd Gryphyn is to be made. Therefore, as you value the future welfare and prosperity of David Lindsay, do not fear to trust yourself out across the water this bitter night, and do not fail to come. I only lament from my heart the unlucky absence of your grandson, and wish that he could accompany you. Pray lose no time, but come at once.

"Your father in religion,

"PATRICK MORIARTY."

"Oh, Davie, lad, what do you think of that?" inquired the old dame, in great trouble.

"I think the dying man is no other than Colonel Murdockson, the murderer of Dyvyd Gryphyn!"

"Eh?"

"Yes, he who, after that duel, became a fugitive from justice, and has never been heard of since!"

"Ah, Davie! what is 'ee telling me?"

"What I think to be the truth, dear Granny. And, moreover, I have reason to suppose that this Colonel Murdockson revisited the neighbourhood of Gryphyn-hold before he came to this place!"

"Eh, Davie, why should 'ee think so?"

"Because I believe I saw him at Kirk's Ferry."

"You saw him?"

"Yes."

"Colonel Murdockson?"

"Himself."

"The man who killed Dyvyd Gryphyn in a duel?"

"The very same!"

"Eh, lad, how should 'ee know, who had never seen him?"

"I did not know. But my attention was attracted by a man so remarkable, so sinister-looking, so repellant, that, after his departure, the ferryman, Kirk, told me, in answer to some observations I had made on the conduct of the stranger, that he believed him to be no other than Marmaduke Murdockson, the duellist who had killed Dyvyd Gryphyn, and had been a fugitive from justice ever since."

"Eh, Davie, lad, but that is very strange. And why should he come here, where he was never known to anyone?"

"Ah, Heaven knows, unless from his fatal connection with Dyvyd Gryphyn, who was too well known here, and who carried off from this neighbourhood the unhappy lady whose evil destiny it was to be the cause—the innocent cause—of their fatal encounter. The man he killed might have entrusted him with some message or mission to her or to her friends which he has kept from us."

"Eh, so he might in the remorse of his dying hour."

"That is the only theory I can form; but of course the quickest way to solve the problem will be for us to go at once to Woodlands."

"Ay, lad, so it will. And 'ee'll go with me?"

"Certainly, Granny."

"Father Moriarty will be surprised and rejoiced to see 'ee, Davie. 'Ee knows that he lamented 'ee absence and wished for 'ee in his note," said Dame Lindsay, as she went to her chest of drawers and took out that heavy plaid shawl, the gift of Gloria,

and wrapped her plump little figure completely up in it.

Then she took her little black satin cottage bonnet and tied it on her head, and declared herself to be ready.

David Lindsay carefully led her out, followed by the two men.

Then he returned into the cottage, put out the lights, locked up the doors, and finally left the house, drew the old woman's arm within his own, and led her carefully down to the shore, where General Stuart's boat awaited them.

David put her in the best seat in the stern, and folded the great shawl closely around her, and then told the men to get into their places and take their oars, and row as rapidly as possible down the bay that the aged woman might not be exposed to the cold a moment longer than necessary.

The men willingly complied with his request, and laid themselves to their oars with so much vigour that the little boat seemed to fly over the surface of the water.

Woodlands, General Stuart's seat, lay on the shore about half way down between the Promontory and La Compté's Landing.

In about twenty minutes the boat grounded on the sands below the manor-house.

David Lindsay lifted the old dame from the boat and across the wet sands, and set her, dry-shod, on the gravel drive leading from the shore through the front lawn and up to the house, where the lights from many windows proved that the family were all astir, and that something of unusual importance was going on.

A servant came to the front door and admitted them.

"Is the gentleman who sent for me still living?" anxiously inquired the dame.

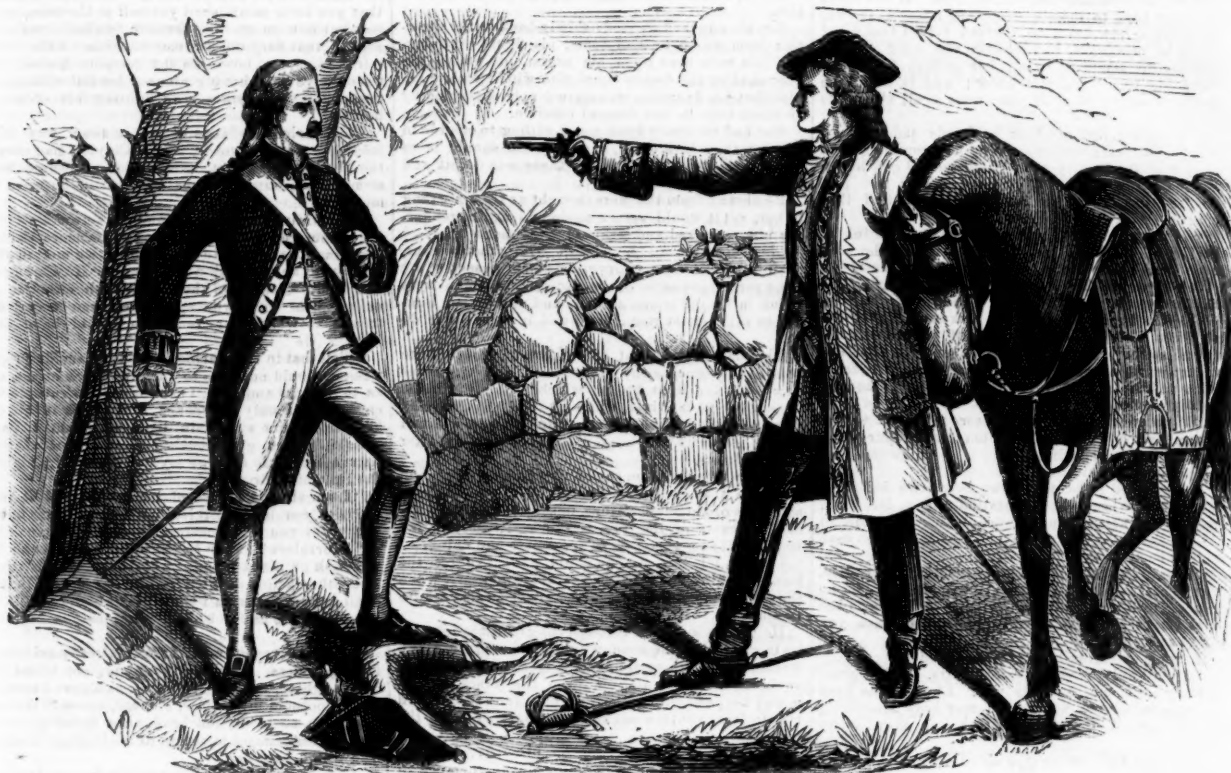
"Yes," answered the servant, "but he is very low."

"I thank Heaven that he is living."

"You will please to wait here until I go up and tell Father Moriarty that you have come," said the man, opening a door on the right hand of the hall, and admitting them into a snug parlour, where a fire was burning.

David Lindsay wheeled a comfortable cushioned arm-chair up to the hearth for the old dame, who seated herself to wait for the summons.

(To be Continued.)



[IN HIS POWER.]

A FATAL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE interview between Clayton and Mrs. Ronald was far from satisfactory. It was with great effort that he could get her to speak at all on the subject, for the stiff-laced ideas of propriety in which she had been educated, and in which she had endeavoured to train her young charge, were all outraged by the singular confidence Bettina had seen fit to repose in this friend of her childhood.

"I can't for my life see what she told you all this for, Colonel Clayton. Your interference can only work harm to her and to her husband," she brusquely said.

"It is useless to go over that ground, madame. All I wish you to make clear to me is, how Miss Carr came to enter into a clandestine marriage, and what has been done by her husband to alienate her so entirely from him. With a clear understanding of these facts, I shall be prepared to meet Denham and deal with such claims as he has."

"Is that what Bettina has set you to do?" exclaimed Mrs. Ronald, aghast. Is she mad, that she sends you on such an errand, when it may end in bloodshed? It is no secret to Mr. Denham that her father always designed her for your wife. Think, then, what his reply to you is likely to be."

A faint flush came into Clayton's face, but he coolly replied:

"Bettina has no one else to act for her, and in this I must be her brother. If the man were other than he is, I pledge you my word that I would use my best efforts to bring about a general reconciliation. Knowing him as I do, it is my firm purpose to drive him from the country—quietly, if I can—forcibly, if all other means fail."

Mrs. Ronald wrung her hands and seemed uncertain what course to pursue.

"He will never go till he has made such a scandal as will destroy my poor Betty. Gerald Denham is a vindictive man; he would be capable of killing you."

"I shall not give him the chance. If there is killing to be done, I shall settle with him as coolly as I would with any other reptile I wished to sweep out of my path. But I do not intend to proceed to extremities, I assure you, Mrs. Ronald; and a dastard like that is easily dealt with. Tell me how Bettina

came to marry him, and I will release you from further annoyance from me."

"Ah! that is the worst part of it. She was away from home, visiting a young friend—a schoolmate. He followed her. Charlotte Manly thought that she loved him so much it was no harm to help his plans. He told her that Mr. Carr's consent to a union had been given, and it was only a whim that deferred the marriage. Gerald had travelled in South America, and brought back with him a plant he found there, which stupefies the will and reasoning power, but affects the mind in no other way. This was given to my poor girl, and under its influence she forgot her father's will, her own opposition, and they were married."

Dark, stern and pallid grew the face of the listener. He clenched his hands fiercely, and ground his teeth together, as the words fell upon his ears.

After a pause, he spoke with effort:

"That explains what was most incomprehensible to me. It deepens the infamy of the man, and makes him more deserving of the fate I would surely give him, but for the effect his death by my hand might have on Bettina."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear! what a complication it all is!" said Mrs. Ronald, helplessly. Between her notions of right and her desire for Bettina's ultimate happiness with an honourable and true man as she knew Clayton to be, her wishes and sympathies were so divided that she could hardly have told herself to which side she most inclined. "I don't wish to set myself up in judgment against you, Colonel, but at the same time I can't help feeling that things are going dreadfully wrong, so far as my poor Betty is concerned. I feel sure that something fearful will happen if you go in pursuit of Mr. Denham, and tell him what your real object is in seeking a meeting."

"Have no fears as to the result, Mrs. Ronald. I know the man I have to deal with, and he knows me pretty well, too, I think. We have had a passage at arms before to-day, and we can measure each other's quality fairly enough."

With a sigh that was almost a groan the old lady turned away, saying:

"A wilful man must have his own way, I suppose, but it's an awful risk you are running."

"It is one that I would take a thousand times over for Betty's sake; but there is one thing, Mrs. Ronald, I must caution you about. I beg that nothing may induce you to betray to anyone what has passed between us."

"You may trust me that far," she dryly responded.

"I would cut off my tongue sooner than repeat anything that could be used to Betty's disadvantage."

Clayton looked after her, half vexed, as she went away, glad to be released from the interview, which had only given her new cause for uneasiness and bitter regret that she had not plucked up courage long before to reveal to Mr. Carr facts that she knew ought never to have been concealed from him. Clayton passed out on the veranda, on which Mr. Carr was walking to and fro, impatiently expecting him to join him in a ride around the place.

Two horses had been saddled and brought around, and Pompey and Caesar were walking them up and down while waiting for the gentlemen to mount.

"The women have kept you a precious long time, Clayton," said the old gentleman, testily. "The horses have been waiting more than an hour, and Lucifer is beginning to chafe at the delay. He is a splendid mount, but he's as fiery as his namesake, and you must be careful to hold him in hand well till he gets used to you."

Clayton glanced with full appreciation at the magnificent animal intended for himself—a thoroughbred, black as night, with a single white star in his forehead.

"Thanks, for giving me the Prince of Darkness," he said. "I can break him more thoroughly for your daughter's use. If he were as wild as a desert steed it would be nothing to me, for I possess some occult power over horses which is a puzzle to myself. It is curious to see how quietly they soon submit to my authority."

"I only wish you had the same power over other skittish creatures I could name. I saw you going toward the conservatory with Betty, but from your face I should say that nothing pleasant passed between you. I am getting out of patience with my daughter's vagaries, and I intend to put an end to them."

"Not on my account," said Clayton, hastily. "If you will only have patience with her for a time I believe things will settle themselves right. I had a long talk with Betty, and I am confident that she regards Denham more in the light of an enemy than a lover. If affairs are allowed to take their course, with no intervention from you, dear old friend, everything may come right in the end."

"Well, well, let us be off, and we can settle it as we go on our road."

After they had mounted their horses Mr. Carr returned to the subject of his daughter.

"You must not let this new whim of Betty's take

a strong hold on her fancy, Randolph. If she takes it in her head to remain single and adopt that brat of Kitty's, how am I to prevent it? I said all I could to prevent it, but what is the use? If she chooses to say 'No' to all her suitors I couldn't force her to marry, you know; and it would be better to have that child than none at all about the house."

If his heart had not been so deeply saddened by what he had learned that morning, Clayton could have smiled at the facility with which the old gentleman was adopting the whim of his daughter and preparing himself to yield to it, should he find that course inevitable in the future.

"It is a mystery to me how Kitty could think of giving up her little girl to another, but she took my remarks very coolly this morning, and seemed to think it would be a very good thing to have Bella adopted at Carmora."

Clayton began to feel the awkwardness of the position in which he was placed toward his old friend as the possessor of a secret of such vital importance, which was to be sedulously concealed from him, and he almost regretted that he had given Bettina a pledge to that effect.

They were riding forward near the bank of the river, toward the ferry, Clayton having purposely led the way in that direction.

He abruptly said:

"I intended to have told you before we left, that I cannot ride round the plantation to-day, Mr. Carr. I have business of importance which calls me to Alexandria, and I must cross on the ferry-boat that is now coming over."

"It must have risen into very sudden importance, then," replied his companion. "You have had no letters since you came to Carmora, and this is the first I have heard of pressing affairs to take you away so soon."

In some embarrassment, Clayton said:

"I shall only be absent a few hours. You are not getting rid of me, I assure you. I hope to be back in time for dinner, and—and I may have something to tell you on my return, which you may like to hear."

A sudden light came into Mr. Carr's face, and he eagerly said:

"Something Betty has said to you this morning is sending you in pursuit of Gerald Denham. He is there, of course, as Mrs. Washington would hardly detain him as a guest at Mount Vernon longer than a day at the utmost. My dear boy, if you are going in search of him with the idea that anything is necessary to be said to make him understand that all is at an end between him and my daughter, it is useless trouble. He dare not put forward his pretensions after the veto I have put upon them. Indeed, his insolence in venturing into the neighbourhood at all, after what I said to him long ago, is almost unpardonable."

Clayton pitied him deeply, and felt at that moment as if it would be mercy indeed to keep from him the terrible fact that Denham held them all at his mercy, and if he chose to maintain his claim to be recognised as the husband of the heiress of Carmora, the poor father could do nothing to shield his daughter from his power.

After hesitating a moment he said:

"I will not deceive you, sir. I am going to find Denham, and show him the necessity of leaving this vicinity at once. A troth plight passed between him and your daughter, which Bettina thinks he regards as more binding than it is. Through me, she had determined to demand a release from it, and I have undertaken to free her. I have won her confidence so far at least that she is willing to trust me with this delicate mission."

The old man frowned heavily, and then smiled:

"I do not know why Betty should attach any importance to such trashy pledges as she may have given him. She must know that they cannot bind her now; but as she has made you her champion, I will not quarrel with her for sending you on such an errand."

"Thank you, sir. I will then go upon my way without further delay."

"Yes, but remember one thing. The name of my daughter is not to be brought into a quarrel between you and that villain. You can be trusted on such a mission as this, for you have discretion as well as valour; but yonder ill-conditioned varlet may try to draw you into a fracas. You will not allow him to get that advantage of you, Clayton?"

"Certainly not. I shall be on my guard, and I believe that I shall be able to deal with Denham without compromising Betty in any way. How earnestly I wish this, you can easily comprehend. And now, good friend, let me go on my errand."

The two warmly shook hands, and the wide, flat boat touching the landing at the same moment, Clayton, with the assistance of the negro ferryman,

took his horse on board, and placed himself near him.

Mr. Carr turned and rode slowly back in the direction from which he had come, his figure drooping, and his chin bent upon his breast, his native fire quenched by the dreary conviction which stole upon him that his daughter was more deeply entangled by Denham than he had deemed possible.

She had evidently been more willing to confide in Clayton than in himself, and why she should be so was a mystery to him, unless there was deceit and deception on her part.

He shrank from the mere thought as from a wrong to her, yet it would return again and again, rendering him wretched and irritable to the last degree.

Clayton watched him with sympathetic eyes, divining, with that clairvoyant power possessed by some rare organisations, the sad doubts which were rising in his old friend's mind, and vowing to himself to set them at rest if he found it possible to do so.

The day was bright and clear—a golden haze seemed to permeate the atmosphere, and there was no chill in the light breeze which scarcely rippled the surface of the river, which, at that point, divided into two broad, silvery ribbons to enclose a small island, gorgeous with all the hues of autumn after the late frosts.

Simply to breathe on such a day is enjoyment, and when to that is added beautiful scenery, the soft murmurs of animated nature, it seems sinful to permit the cares of life to mar the loveliness of the world He has given to us to appreciate and enjoy.

Clayton felt this, yet he could not shake off the incubus which had settled over mind and heart, when the painful story of the woman he loved became known to him.

He rode moodily on through the greenwood shade, trying to pierce the shadowy mists of the future, and marvelling if fate would ever be so kind to him as to enable him to free Bettina from the shackles that bound her, and induce her to believe that a second matrimonial venture might prove happier than the first.

The blow which had fallen on him that morning was a very heavy one to bear, for all the romance of his life was bound up in that unfortunate girl who had acknowledged to him how completely her life had been marred through the man she had once loved and trusted.

Bitter to him was the revelation that one he despised and scorned had stepped between himself and his darling, making her his by a fraud, and then, though forgiven through her tender love for him, showing his base nature till her one wish was to escape from him for ever.

What a terrible story it was, and how she must have suffered through all this concealment! His brows contracted, his lips narrowed almost to a line, and his hands involuntarily clenched, as he rode swiftly onward through the winding road, anxious to have the meeting over, and the terms settled on which Bettina should be freed from her persecutor.

Suddenly was heard the beating sounds of hoofs approaching, and mingled with them was a gay voice singing a French drinking-song with all the zest and abandon of a rollicking cavalier.

A deep flush mounted to the face of Clayton, for he recognised the singer, and prepared to intercept him as he came around the curve which now concealed him from view.

"This is well," he muttered, "better far than meeting him in Alexandria. There will be no witnesses, no gossip, and this affair can be settled within the next half hour."

He reined up Lucifer across the narrow road, and sat stern and pale, awaiting the encounter.

Denham, in the full costume of a captain in the Continental army, came suddenly in view, and on the impulse of the moment checked his speed and cried out:

"Hilloa! who are you who stops the way? Does it mean stand and deliver? If so, I tell you beforehand 'that he who steals my purse steals trash.' Empty enough you'll find it, my friend, if you insist on having it."

Though it was early in the day he had evidently been drinking heavily, and without raising his eyes to the face of Clayton, he held out a deerkin purse with only a few small coins in it.

The deep, stern tones of the voice that replied startled Denham into sudden consciousness that something even more serious than an encounter with a highway robber had happened to him.

He lifted his heavy eyes, and the flush on his cheeks faded as they met those of his antagonist, for antagonists they had been whenever they had met, and Denham intuitively knew that this encounter had been sought by his enemy.

He cried out, with assumed bravado:

"Ha! well met, by Jove! I heard this morning that you have established yourself at Carmora, and I was but now on my way there to demand hospitality also of that fiery old kinsman of mine. How is the fair Bettina, and how does she comport herself with the old love after having amused herself with a new one, while the forsaken was fighting his country's battles?"

The insolent defiance of his manner was more insulting than his words, and if Clayton had obeyed the first impulse that moved him he would have struck him down and beaten him till he cried for mercy.

He restrained his passion, and gravely said:

"If you are really on your way to Carmora, Captain Denham, it is fortunate for you that we met in time to prevent any intrusion from you on Mr. Carr or his daughter. Neither of them ever wish either to see or to hear from you again, and you may judge from that what your reception would have been like."

"Tell that to the marines," was the scoffing reply. "Betty would not dare to turn her back on me, and as to old fuss and fury, I can make him subside fast enough if I only whisper a few words in his ear, and show him a certain little document I have. Wouldn't you give much to know now of what nature the little deed to my power is, Sir Knight of the Frowning Brow?"

"I am already aware of its nature, and it is to prove to you how worthless it is, that I set out in pursuit of you this morning," said Clayton, coldly.

"Worthless? How? In what way?" and the red flush on his face perceptibly faded. "It is strong as death—lasting as life; and by my faith! Bettina shall not escape from its stringent claims while the breath lingers in my body. What do you say now, sir?"

"I simply repeat what I have already said—that it is worthless. You may annoy my old friend and his daughter, but you will never be allowed to establish a foothold in Mr. Carr's house, nor will the wife you have so basely outraged, after gaining her by fraud, ever consent to return to the bondage in which you would hold her."

A curious change came over the face of Denham and with less bravado, he said:

"Ha! then my madame has confessed; she has plucked up courage to face the old man, and let him know that she has given him a son in the person of the man he hates above all others in the world. Ha—ha! that was indeed a triumph for me! Have they sent you to make terms with me?—to offer to buy off my claims?"

"They have done nothing of the kind, and I am not aware that you possess any claims that are worth purchasing."

"Did you not call Bettina my wife?" cried Denham, furiously. "How came you to know of the marriage except through the old man? She has never dared to tell you what she has so long withheld from her father?"

"She has not only told me, but has sent me to demand of you release from the persecutions of which she has been made the victim since she so unhappily fell into your power. I assume the place of a brother to her, and it is my purpose to settle the terms on which she shall be left in peace. Mark me, Gerald Denham; I use the word shall in its most imperative sense."

The reply of Denham to this was to spur his horse violently against that of Clayton, hoping to overthrow him, and use the pistol he drew from his bosom while his antagonist was unable to return his fire.

But Lucifer was not so easily taken by surprise. He roared, threw out his forefeet violently, striking at the frightened animal which was so recklessly hurled against him by his angry rider, and the blow told so fearfully that both man and horse went down beneath it.

For an instant Clayton thought the collision had been fatal, but in the next one he saw that Denham was already struggling upward, apparently uninjured, though his horse lay stupefied and helpless.

With effort he had maintained his own position in the saddle, and held the bridle rein in such a position as to enable him to curb Lucifer, and prevent him from trampling upon those against whom his ire was aroused.

For an instant he feared that the spirited creature would not obey the impulse of his hand, but Lucifer had apparently found his master; he stopped aside obediently, and stood with distended nostrils and fiery eyes, looking down upon the hired hack which had stood no chance against him in the pride of his beauty and strength.

Denham's pistol had been struck from his hand as he fell, and he was too busily engaged in trying to

save himself to mark the direction in which it had fallen.

Fortunately for him, at the first onset the girth of his saddle had broken, and he found safety in slipping off with it as the horse fell.

Pallid with rage, and quite sobered by the unexpected termination of his assault, he arose to his feet and drawing his sword, cried out:

"I will fight to the death sooner than submit to have terms dictated to me by you, Randolph Clayton. Come on, I am ready for you; and by all the furies, I will kill you for coming between myself and my wife, worthless as she may be, and unloved as she is by me."

Clayton had dismounted, and was standing by his horse, soothing him both with voice and hand, when this violent defiance was spoken.

He turned a cold and rigid face toward the inflamed one that confronted him, and sternly replied:

"I fight only with men of honour, sir, and you have proved that you are ready to take any unfair advantage. Put down the point of your sword—I will not suffer myself to be tempted to take your worthless life, for if we fight I shall certainly kill you. I have an old score to settle with you, Captain Denham, and I meant to bring it to the arbitration of the sword, but the time for that has passed. The name you once profaned by using it lightly at a mess-table shall not again be called in question by a censorious world through any imprudence of mine. I will protect my old friend's daughter, even against the man who claims her as his wife."

"Who gave you the right to do that?" asked Denham, choking with rage. "Nothing but blood can wipe out the insult you have put upon me. Come on, I say, and pay for your insolent interference at the price of your forfeited life."

He rushed forward as he spoke, as if to make an attack himself, even if no defence was attempted; his foot caught in the undergrowth, and pitching forward, he fell almost at Clayton's feet, snapping the blade off his sword in his vain attempt to save himself from so ignoble a termination of his defiance.

Denham was slightly stunned, and Clayton fastened the bridle of his horse to the branch of a tree before he attempted to assist him to his feet.

He then turned toward him, and sternly said as the other struggled up with a dazed expression on his pale face:

"The Fates fight against you, it would seem, Captain Denham, and in spite of your bravado, I find myself your master. You are disarmed; you are in my power, and I will use my advantage as seems best to me, without regard to what you would call the code of honour. In dealing with a coward—with one who has no conception of what truth or honesty demands of men—no code can be appealed to, therefore I shall treat you as a criminal who has no right to appeal from the sentence of his judge, self-elected though the judge may be."

Denham leaned against a tree, apparently unable to sustain himself without some support, and he trembled with both rage and fear as he listened to the inflexible voice that addressed him. He faintly said:

"I am as you say, in your power. After all, what is the use of contending for what is valueless to me? Betty may go to Satan her own way, if she chooses, and I will not interfere with her, provided she makes it worth enough to me to induce me to give up the chances of a reconciliation with the old man. It is the money I care for—not the woman. Is that plain spoken enough to suit you, sir?"

"Quite—it is what I have believed from the first, therefore I did not scruple to take such service on myself as seemed necessary to save a noble and true lady from falling into the hands of such a wretch as I know you to be. I have followed you through many of your windings, Captain Denham, and but for your distant kinship with Mr. Carr I should long since have exposed your double treachery to those you had deserted, and also to those you pretended to serve."

"Whom I did serve. But for my information, Yorktown would not have fallen," said Denham, with sudden fire. "It was I whose efforts kept back reinforcements from Cornwallis. He was not saved, because I willed that your cause should triumph."

"That may have been true at the last; but you played the part of the double spy—you took pay from both parties, playing fast and loose with either, as it suited your own purposes. I have the proofs of this, and if you prove false to the pledges I intend to exact from you to-day I will place them in the hands of General Washington."

"What does it matter? I was in the market—I

am in it now," was the contemptuous reply. "Name your price, if you expect to buy freedom for the woman you hate me for having taken from you. Ha! ha! I have you there, my fine prig of a colonel."

Clayton clenched his hands, refraining with effort from striking him down as a reptile too base to live.

After a pause, he coldly said:

"My terms are these: give me the certificate of marriage between yourself and Bettina Carr, go back to your native land without delay, leaving her and her child free from interference from you; seal your lips for ever on the past relations between you, and I give you back the life you have justly forfeited by making two unprovoked attempts on mine to-day."

He had taken out his pistol, and now covered the form of his adversary with it to give emphasis to his threat, but with no intention of using it.

This was clearly understood by Denham, for he laughed aloud and jeeringly said:

"Put down your shooting-iron, my doughty colonel, for no one knows better than yourself that you dare not use it. The hand red with my blood could never clasp that of Bettina Carr in marriage, and that is what you are scheming for, as you know well enough. The price you offer for such bliss as that must be a good one—a deuced good one, or I'll none of it. Come now, let's hear what you have to say, sir!"

Clayton regarded him with even deeper abhorrence than before. He grimly said:

"I am not proposing to a villain to sell out such right as he claims to an outraged woman, but asking an officer in the Continental army to do a single act of justice for the sake of right itself."

"Oh, gammon! What is the use of such rubbish? I use plain words, and you beat about the bush; that is all the difference. What will you pay? That's the question to be settled."

Base as Clayton had believed him to be, he had not thought Denham capable of such infamy as this. He sharply replied:

"I will enter into no such compact with you as that. I have you at my mercy, and I will proceed to extreme measures with you if you do not surrender your claims on that unhappy lady, without money and without price."

The pistol was again lifted, and this time with so menacing an aspect that the light craven before him shrank away, and began to believe that in his anger his adversary might be wrought on to do him some serious mischief.

To make pledges and break them had been the employment of his manhood, so why not escape present danger by doing the same thing now, leaving the future to determine whether he should keep them or not?

With a shrug he said:

"Needs must when Satan drives. You shall have the certificate, and I will go on my way where I shall have enough, without levying blackmail on you. As to Betty, I am as glad to be quit of her as she is of me, and you don't gain so much, after all. The child is nothing to me, and would only be an encumbrance, though I should like old fuss and fury to know whom she belongs to. You'll not let me tell, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. I undertook this mission to avert the necessity of an exposure. To save her father from all annoyance on your account is why Bettina appealed to me to take on myself such service as a brother might render to a helpless and almost friendless woman."

"Ah, yes, pure brotherly love, no doubt," sneered Denham. "I accept it without question. Why shouldn't I? I suppose you would not be willing to part from me till that little title deed to a woman's faith is in your possession?"

"I shall require it as an earnest of your sincerity," said Clayton, holding out his hand.

Denham drew forth a pocket-book, from which he produced a small slip of paper, which his companion examined, and then carefully put away.

By this time the stunned horse had struggled to his feet, and stood with drooping head and forlorn expression, awaiting the pleasure of his rider; after exchanging a stiff nod with each other, both men mounted and prepared to leave the sylvan glade in which their encounter had taken place.

Clayton sternly said:

"I shall hold you answerable if you violate your pledges, Captain Denham."

With a light laugh the other replied:

"No danger of that; thanks to you, I am free once more—burdened no longer with either wife or child. Eureka!" and he put spurs to his wretched horse and rode away.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. CARR returned home in a very moody and irritable state of mind, determined to have an explanation with his daughter, and reproach her with bestowing confidence on another which was withheld from himself.

On enquiring for Bettina he was told that she had ordered her horse as soon as he went away, and had gone over to spend the day at the cottage, as Mrs. Withers' place was called.

"It is very strange that she should do such a thing as that without saying a word to me about it," he angrily said. "It seems to me that Betty is trying to keep out of my way lately, and I don't understand it. Tell Mrs. Ronald I wish to speak with her in the library."

And he walked toward that apartment, and threw himself on a seat in a most unpleasant state of mind.

Mrs. Ronald received the message, and in a great state of trepidation prepared to obey it.

Once she had held her own with the master of Carmora, timid as she was by nature, and his tempers had no terrors for her, but now she felt guilty in his sight, and she was always unnerved when called on to see him alone.

After delaying as long as she possibly could she went into his presence, carrying her basket of keys with her, and saying, with assumed fustiness:

"I hope you'll not detain me long, Cousin Robert, for I have my hands full, I can tell you, and Betty has run off, leaving me to look after everything."

"Umph! I daresay. Of late, Betty is always doing something to put other people in an ill-humour. What does she mean by flying off to Kitty's in this unceremonious fashion, when Kitty has just left here herself? Betty must have grown very fond of her all at once, or is it that child she is making herself an idiot about?"

Mrs. Ronald was frightened but she brusquely replied:

"If you sent for me only to find fault with Betty I think I had better go back to my work. She has always done pretty much as she pleased, and it's all the worse for you if you lose your temper about it."

She moved toward the door as if going out, but the voice of Mr. Carr imperiously arrested her steps.

"Stop, madame, if you please. I have a question to put to you. If you can, I wish you would answer it to the point. Why was it necessary for my daughter to condescend to communicate with Gerald Denham in any way? She has sent Clayton to get from him something that compromises her with him, yet I have been kept in profound ignorance that even the shadow of a claim on his part existed. Can you enlighten me, madame?"

"No, I cannot," promptly replied Mrs. Ronald, in her desperation. "Betty manages her affairs in her own way, and it is no use to ask me about them. I am surprised that she sent Colonel Clayton on such an errand as that."

"I am more than surprised—I am shocked that there was a necessity for such a thing. My daughter has not treated me fairly, I must say, Mrs. Ronald. I thought her as free as air, and here she is bound in some mysterious way to that wretched boy. What is the nature of the tie? that is what I must and will know, and as her only maternal friend you ought to be able to tell me."

After hesitating a moment, Mrs. Ronald replied:

"I believe there was some sort of marriage contract between them, which Captain Denham might try to use against Betty if driven to desperation. For my part I think it would be better for all parties concerned if you would lay aside your opposition and accept the young man for your son. You liked him, made much of him, and sanctioned the engagement with your daughter, and I must think he was badly treated in being thrown off as he was when those letters from the old country came."

"Woman! what are you talking of!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in a white rage. "Do you taunt me with my credulity, and draw from it the inference that I should give my true and good child to a man who has proved to me to be so utterly destitute of character? who was a fugitive from his native land, and who abused my hospitality by winning the affections of my heiress, hoping through her to maintain his footing at Carmora. I think you must be mad to hint at any such possibility."

"On the contrary, I take a very plain, commonsense view of the situation. Gerald Denham had been guilty of some youthful follies; he had led a fast life; but, after all, they could easily have been pardoned, and should have been by you who had allowed him such chances as enabled him to win the affections of your only child."

"I think, madame, you must be trying to exasperate me to frenzy by advocating the cause of that wretch. Why you do is a mystery to me; for if you know anything of Betty's true feelings toward him you must be aware that she no longer cares for him."

"So much the worse for her," muttered the old lady.

Then assuming all the dignity she could summon to her assistance she spoke aloud:

"It will be best for me to leave you, Cousin Robert, till you have mastered your passion. If it will appease your wrath I can truthfully say that I hope Colonel Clayton's mission will not be a fruitless one. I shall be glad to see Betty's affairs settled in some way."

"Umph! I thought they were settled long ago, so far as that fellow is concerned; but it seems I was mistaken. You won't tell me what you know; I can see that plainly enough, so you may as well go back to those pickles and preserves you seem so anxious about. I hate people who never take a decided stand. You blow hot and blow cold—shilly-shally for ever—that is what you do, Nancy Ronald, and I am disgusted."

Glad to escape on any terms without betraying the secret she so reluctantly guarded, Mrs. Ronald hastened away to her own dominions, wondering what the end of all this concealment was to be.

In the meantime, Bettina had taken a wild gallop on horseback, hoping that the exercise and the fresh morning air would bring back to her something like the old vitality which once thrilled her frame and gave her power to bear, let what would happen.

She had an awful sense of dread upon her, yet she did not fear the result of the meeting between Clayton and her husband.

She had taken the measure of the two men, and she felt assured that one would master the other so completely that there must be a settlement without bloodshed.

What then could happen; she asked herself; once free of annoyance from Denham she could so arrange affairs that her life at least would be calm and peaceful, and her father might go down to the grave without suspecting the sad secret she had suffered so much to conceal from him.

(To be Continued.)

FAMILY QUARRELS.

FAMILY quarrels have been the most interesting variety of quarrel ever since the days of Cain and Abel. They tend to become almost the sole surviving species of quarrel. It is seldom or never worth while to quarrel with any man not associated with us by some very close tie; and such ties become daily rarer outside of the family circle.

Fellow-travellers in the heart of Africa, companions on a long sea voyage, the squire and parson in a country village remote from all general society, may still nurse a quarrel into something like intensity. But in the world which most of us inhabit, a world in which the difficulty of adhering to our best friends is much greater than the difficulty of dropping them, a dispute naturally leads to a drifting apart rather than to a permanent quarrel.

People must be confined within a narrow area in order to cultivate hatred effectually; deadly and continuous hatred is fast becoming an anachronism as much as the old blood-feud between rival clans or the vendetta of Corsica.

The family bond, however, still survives sufficiently to make quarrelling possible, and to give it unusual piquancy. The most excellent people are sometimes adepts in this questionable art. The affection between the parties in a family quarrel is generally close enough to ensure that every blow shall be keenly felt, and the acquaintance is intimate enough to ensure that it shall be planted on the most tender place.

Brothers and sisters know each other's weaknesses; they can tell precisely what is the little vanity which can be most easily aroused, and what the particular argument which always brings a flush to the cheek and raises the pitch of the voice.

The quarrels which ensue resemble civil wars, in which the rival leaders are perfectly acquainted with the character and favourite strategy of their opponents. When developed by dexterous combatants, they are worth studying from a purely artistic point of view.

It is interesting to observe the skill with which each of the antagonists keeps the really irritating weapon in hand until the proper moment has arrived, and then applies it with the utmost nicety, and yet with some ingenious veil of apology.

The dispute generally begins with a little appa-

rently harmless sparring; but as the disputants warm to their work they get nearer and nearer to the fatal ground, each trying to avoid the responsibility of first using the familiar and infallible weapon, until at last temper is lost, and the unsparing tussle begins, which amongst the rougher classes ends with an application of boot or poker, and amongst the more civilised with the spiritual equivalents of those coarse weapons.

A bystander may regard such scenes as he would look on at a wrestling-match or a game of billiards; but it must be admitted that the moralist will feel some remorse in deriving simple amusement from the folly of his fellow-creatures. For, after all, the folly of such quarrels is the most conspicuous thing about them.

It is really curious to remark how regularly such quarrels run a certain predestined course. The impression is almost inevitable that the combatants are repeating a prearranged theatrical performance. The catastrophe may be foreseen from the beginning, and not only the catastrophe, but the whole development of the plot.

One is not more certain on reading the first pages of a commonplace novel as to the general nature of the last, than one may be in a family quarrel as to the part which will be taken by the various actors, the weapons which they will use, the channels into which their wrath will flow, and the final catastrophe of indignation, sulking, and apology.

The quarrel runs its course as regularly as the measles. It is like one of those stories in which children delight all the more because they are hearing them for the hundredth time. One is left to imagine that the combatants must really like it, or otherwise they would surely have taken some measures to suppress a mischief every stage in which is so thoroughly familiar and explicable.

The fact, indeed, proves what needs little proof—the profound unreasonableness of man. Why repeat again and again a performance which annoys everybody concerned, which poisons the happiest hours of life, which never leads to a single good result, and which has probably been renounced in a thousand good resolutions? The reason is that men are unreasonable, and therefore it can do little good to argue against the practice.

It may, however, be worth while to point out one or two of the fallacies involved which do, for the moment, impose upon some of the actors. If such an exposition does no good considered as advice, it may suggest some psychological remarks for the use of novelists.

There is one habit of mind, implied in most family quarrels of the more virulent nature, which especially deserves notice. Everybody will admit that the worst of family quarrels are generally those which centre in some way upon money.

Quarrels about wills have divided the most affectionate fraternal relations, and husbands and wives are more apt to fall out upon economical questions than upon any other. The old question "Who is she?" is relevant in most cases of crime, but in mere questions of domestic difficulty the question "How much is it?" would generally be more to the purpose. Such quarrels, moreover, become intense in proportion as they are complicated with questions of right.

THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER XLI.

"JOSEPHINE," and Everard spoke more sternly than he had ever spoken to her in his life. "Say what you like to me, but don't mention my mother in that tone or spirit again. She did not despise you for your birth. No true woman would do that. She said that innate refinement or delicacy of feeling would always assert itself, and raise one above the lowest and humblest of positions. Almost her last words to me were of you, in whom she knew I was interested, for I had confessed as much."

"If she is so good, and womanly, and true, her birth is of no consequence—none whatever," she said.

"So you see she laid less stress upon it than do you, who know better than she did whether you are good, and womanly and true."

Here Josephine began to cry, but Everard did not heed her tears, and went on:

"It was very weak in you to think I would care though you proclaimed your origin upon the house-top. There is in this country no degradation in honest labour; it is the character, the actions which tell; and were you what I believed you to be when in my madness I consented to that foolish farce, I would not care though your origin were the lowest which can be conceived."

Here Josephine stopped crying, and demanded, sharply:

"What am I, pray? What do you know of me?—you who have scarcely seen me half a dozen times since I became your wife."

"I know more than you suppose—have seen more than you guess," he replied; "let me begin with the morning I left you in Holburton, four years ago last June, and come down to the present time."

When he hinted that he knew more of her life than she supposed, there instantly flashed into Josephine's mind the memory of all the love affairs which she had been concerned in, and the improprieties of which she had been guilty, and she wondered if it were possible that Everard could know of them, too. But it was not possible, and, assuming a calmness she was far from feeling, she said:

"Go on, I am all attention."

Very rapidly, but fully, Everard went over with the events of his life as connected with her up to the time of his father's death and his own disinheriting, and he paused a moment while Josephine said:

"And so it was through me you lost your money. I am very sorry, and I must say I think it very mean in that girl to keep it, knowing as she does how it came to her."

"You misjudge her," Everard said, quickly, rousing in Rosalie's defence. "You know nothing of her, or how she rebelled against it and tried to give it back to me. But she cannot do it while she is under age, and I would not take it if she could. I made her believe it at last, and then counselled with Miss Belknap as to my future course."

"Miss Belknap, indeed?" Josephine exclaimed, indignantly. "Don't talk to me of Miss Belknap, the tricky, deceitful thing, to come into our house knowing all the time who I was, and yet pretending such ignorance of everything. How I hate her, and you, too, for sending her there as a spy upon my actions. I am glad she saw what she did, and wish she had seen more. The hypocrite!"

Josephine was very angry, and as she talked she grew angrier still.

She believed Beatrice had informed against her, and when she remembered young Gerard, and McGregor, and Captain Sparks, and Calph, and half a dozen more who had paid her marked attention, and with whom she had flirted as no modest, discreet woman ever should have done, she felt the hot blushes of shame on her cheeks, and a fierce resentment in her heart toward Beatrice Belknap, who was wholly innocent of having brought any accusation against her, and so Everard hastened to assure her.

"You are mistaken," he said. "Bee was no tale-bearer and no spy upon your actions. Neither was she sent to you, for I did not know she was there till she wrote me to that effect. She had the best of motives in going to your mother's house. She wished to see you for herself, and—pardon me, Josey, if I speak very plainly—she wished to find all the good there was in you so as to know better how to befriend you, should you need it."

"Which, thank Heaven, I don't, so she had her trouble for her pains," was Josephine's rejoinder, of which Everard took no notice, but simply went on:

"Beatrice has been your very best friend from the moment she first heard of you, and after father's death, when my sky seemed the blackest, she thought of your interest as well as mine, and advised me to go straight to you and tell you the whole truth, and offer you a home such as I could make for you and myself—in short, offer you poverty and protection as my acknowledged wife."

"Strange you did not follow her advice with your high notions of morality," Josephine said, with a sneer, and he replied:

"I started to do it in good faith, and went half way without a thought that I should not do it, but there I began to waver, for I saw you, myself unseen and my presence unsuspected, so that you acted and spoke your feelings without restraint."

She was looking fixedly at him now with an unnatural colour on her cheeks, for her mind had leaped swiftly backward to a night in the train when she would far rather that none of her acquaintance had met her, and much less her husband.

Some one who recognised her had seen her in the train, she knew, for rumours of her freedom and familiarity with Doctor Matthewson had reached Holburton, and made her very angry, and now when

Everard spoke she listened breathlessly while he continued:

"Perhaps you can recall a concert or opera which you attended with Doctor Matthewson as your escort, and perhaps, though that is not so likely, you may remember the man who seemed to be asleep in the seat behind the one you took when you entered the train, talking and laughing so loudly that you drew to yourself the attention of all the passengers, and especially the young man, who listened with feelings which can be better imagined than described, while his wife made light of him and allowed attentions and liberties such as no pure-minded woman would for a moment have suffered from any man, and much less from one of Doctor Matthewson's character. I hardly know what restrained me from knocking him down and publicly denouncing you, but I shrank from being mixed up in such a matter, and shame and disgust kept me silent, while words and glances which made my blood boil passed between you two until you were tired out and laid your head on his arm as readily as you would have rested it on mine had I sat in his place. And there I left you asleep on his shoulder, for I got out at the next stopping-place, and I have never looked upon your face since until to-night, when I found you listening at Miss Hastings' door. Sit down and hear me out," he added, sternly, as she sprang to her feet.

"After that scene in the train I could not think of offering to share my poverty with you in whom I had lost all faith. We were better apart, and happier, and I made a vow that never for an hour would I live with you as my wife. The thing was impossible. I do not accuse you of the worst which can be alleged against a woman, but I know you to be false in heart, and feeling, and principle, and I cannot be to you a husband, I decided that long ago, and because I dreaded the notoriety of an open rupture, dreaded the talk and scandal sure to follow an admission of the marriage, I kept quiet, trusting to chance to work it out for me as it has done at last. And now that the worst has come I am ready to abide by it and am willing to bear the blame myself, if that will help you any. You have already made cause with the people in Rothsay, who will undoubtedly believe you the injured party, and I shall let them do so. I shall say nothing to your detriment except that it is impossible for us to live together. I shall, of course, support you just as I have done, but I greatly prefer that it should be in Holburton, or anywhere, rather than here in Rothsay. It is the only favour I ask that you do not remain here."

"And one I shall not grant," was Josephine's quick reply. "I like Rothsay so far as I have seen it, and I like the people, and here I shall stay. Not in this house, perhaps. I suppose that girl will not permit that, but I shall stay in town and fight it out. Do you think, Everard Forrest, that I will go back to Holburton, humbled as I am, and bear all the malicious gossip of that gossip hole? Never! I'll die first. You accuse me of being fond of Doctor Matthewson. Was that any worse than to be sneaking spy upon my actions, listening to what I said; and, if it comes to that, I do like the doctor far better than I ever liked you. He is a gentleman, and knows how to treat a woman, while you are a knave and a hypocrite, and accuse me of things of which you are yourself equally guilty. Perhaps I've never seen you in a railway train with that girl across the hall. But don't you suppose I know that you are not all white in that direction, or she either, the artful jade who has stolen my husband and money both; and, let me tell you, I care more for the loss of the latter than for you. I've no desire to live with you, now or ever, but you may as well keep quiet about me, and not try to injure me in the eyes of the public, if you care for her reputation, or I'll tear it in shreds, and do it so skillfully that none will guess who did it."

She was standing close to him now, her face livid with rage, and the blue of her eyes seemed to have faded into a dull white, as she gave vent to her real feelings.

"Why don't you answer me?" she said, as he did not speak, but stood gazing at her with a look of horror on his face which deepened in intensity as she continued, sincerely:

"I have struck your weak point at last, I see. I thought you so proud that my pedigree and family would make you flinch, but if you do not care for that you care for that girl's good name, so see to it that you do not drive me too far, or I swear to you I'll be revenged. I do not ask you to live with me, but you will treat me respectfully, and remember, no hint of Doctor Matthewson must ever pass your lips if you wish to save her. And now, as the dinner-bell has rung three times, and I am rather hungry, I'll end the interview by asking you to take me down to dinner. No? You do not wish for any dinner. Very well, I can go alone, so I wish you good-evening! monsieur, advising you not to fast too long. It is

not good for you. Possibly you may find some cracker, and tea, and porridge in Miss Hastings' room with which to refresh the inner man."

And sweeping him a mocking courtesy she started to leave the room, but at the door she met her sister, and stopped a moment while she said:

"Ah, here is Agnes come to see what is keeping us so long from that turkey, which I am sure is cold by this time. Agnes, here is your brother, who, I hope, will be better pleased to see you than he was to see me. If I remember rightly you were always his favourite. Au revoir," and kissing the tips of her fingers to Everard, she left the room, and he heard her warbling snatches of some old love song as she ran lightly down the stairs to the dining-room, where dinner had waited nearly an hour, and where Aunt Axie stood with her face blacker than its wont, giving off little angry snorts as she removed one after another the covers of the dishes, and pronounced the contents spoiled.

CHAPTER XLII.

"WHAT'S Mrs'r Everard? Isn't he comin'?" Aunt Axie asked, as Josephine showed signs of commencing her dinner alone, Mrs. Markham, who ate by rule and on time, having had tea and cold chicken and gone.

"Mr. Forrest has lost his appetite, and is not coming now; he may want something by-and-bye," Josephine replied, with the utmost indifference, and as Agnes just then appeared the sisters began their dinner alone.

But few words had passed between Agnes and Everard. She had taken his hand in hers and held it there while she looked searchingly in his face and said:

"I didn't want to come, but she would have it so, and I thought you knew and had sent for her. Maybe I can persuade her to go back."

"No, Aggie, don't try to do that. It will do no good. Her heart is set on remaining here in Rothsay, and perhaps she is right. At all events it was wrong for me to keep the secret so long. I wish I had told it years ago, and so been saved all this. But don't feel badly, Aggie. I am glad to see you, at any rate, always glad to see you, and I feel better because you are here; and now go to the dinner which has waited so long."

Agnes was not deceived in the least, and her heart was very heavy as she went down to the dining-room and took her seat by her sister, who affected to be so gay and happy, and who tried to soften old Axie by praising everything immoderately, and when that failed to elicit anything more than a grunt, by asking her if she ever saw a finer-looking man than Mr. Forrest.

"Looks well 'nuff, but hansom is that hansom does is my creed," was the old woman's response, as she finally left the room.

Axie was not deceived, either. She knew it was not all well between the young couple, and as soon as she had sent in the dessert she started upstairs in quest of her boy.

He was not in his own room, the one Josephine was occupying, neither was he with Rossie, and so she kept on until she reached the chamber where Everard's mother had died, and there she found him kneeling by his mother's bed in such an abandonment of grief that without waiting to consider whether she was wanted or not she went softly to his side, and laying her hands pityingly on his bowed head, spoke to him lovingly and soothingly, just as she used to speak to him when he was a little boy and sat in her broad lap to be comforted.

"Thar, honey; what is it that has happened you? Suffer drest, sho', or you wouldn't be kneelin' here in the cold an' dark, wid only yer mother's apertis for company. What is it, chile? Can't you tell ole Axie, who loves you like her own flesh an' blood, who nussed you when you was a baby? Is it her that's a vexin' on you so? Oh, Mas'r Everard, how could you do it? tell ole Axie, won't you?"

And he did tell her how the marriage occurred, and when, and that it was this which had caused the trouble between him and his family. He said nothing against Josephine, except that he had lived to see and regret his mistake, and that it was impossible for him to live with her as his wife.

And without any good reason why she should do so, except her belief in and sympathy for her boy, Axie took his side at once, and replied:

"In course you can't, honey. I seen that the fust thing. She ain't like you, nor Miss Beatrice, nor Miss Rossie. She's pretty 'nuff, I s'pec, with them eyes and long winkers, an' her fair skin, an' she's kind of teterin' an' soft; but can't cheat dis chile. 'Tain't the real stuff like your mother was. Sposin' I go

and paint my face all over with whitenin'. I ain't white for all dat. Thar's nobody but ole black face under de whitewash, for bless your soul, de same thick lips and the wool will show, an' it's just de same with no 'count white folks. But don't you worry, I'll stan' by you. Course you can't live with her. And she's crowded you out of your room, but I'll make a fire here an' fetch you some supper, and soak yer feet, and make you some tea, an' give you a rum sweat, an' you'll feel better in de mornin'—see if you don't."

Heavy as was his heart, Everard could not forbear a smile at Axie's attempts to comfort and make him feel better.

Rum sweats, and herb tea, and soaked feet would in her estimation cure every ill to which flesh is heir, and as she could not comprehend the bitter pain and sense of loss and degradation under which he was labouring, she thought to help him with her pet remedies, and she made his fire, and brought him coffee, and cold turkey, and jam, such as he had liked and sometimes purloined from the closet when a boy, but he could not eat, and declining the sweat, and the tea, and the hot water for his feet, he asked to be left alone that he might think it out and decide what to do.

He could not go to bed, and so he sat the entire night before the fire in the room where his mother had died, and where his father had denounced him so angrily, and where Rosamond had come to him and asked to be his wife.

How vividly that last scene came up before him, and he could almost see the little girl standing there again, just as she stood that day, which seemed to him years and years ago.

And but for that fatal misstep that little girl, grown to sweet womanhood, now might have been his, instead of her who had shown herself even coarser and more unprincipled than he had supposed her to be.

Turn which way he would there was no help, no hope; and the future loomed up before him dark and cheerless, with always this burden upon him, this bar to the happiness which might have been his had he only waited for it.

Surely if his sin was great his punishment was greater, and when at last the grey morning looked in at the windows of his room it found him white and haggard, and worn, and with no definite plan as to his future course, except the firm resolve that whatever his life might be, it would be passed apart from Josephine.

It is doubtful if Rosamond slept more that night than Everard himself, and her face was very white and wan next morning when at her request he went again to see her.

He had breakfasted in his own room, where he was served by Aunt Axie, who reported that my lady was well and mighty pearl-lookin', and wore a gown with a tail two yards long moppin' de flo', and had ordered chocolate first, and not liking that, had asked to have hot water and tea sent to the table that she might make it herself, and had said something about missing her calf-laid, whatever calf that was.

"Such ars!" and Axie tossed her head, while Everard explained that it was café au lait the lady meant, and that she had been accustomed to it abroad, and, as was natural, missed it with her breakfast.

So far as it was possible to excuse her he would, and he had no wish for Axie or any one to speak against her to him, so he said a few words to Axie to the effect that Mrs. Josephine—he would not say Mrs. Forrest—was to be treated with respect so long as she remained, and that it would not help him at all to hear anything disparaging of her.

Aunt Axie understood him, and a very little hurt, left the room with a good deal of dignity, and pretended not to see the lady with the long train when she encountered in the hall below, and who ran lightly up the stairs, warbling parts of a familiar opera with the air of one perfectly at home and assured of her position.

Everard heard the singing, and set his teeth hard together as he remembered the time when he had thought that voice divine, and lain on the grass with his head in the siren's lap listening while she sang, not half so well as she sang now, for she had taken lessons in France, and been told that she possessed a fortune in her voice if she chose to turn it to account.

Rosamond had sent word to Everard that she wished to see him as soon after breakfast as he could conveniently come to her, and when he knew by the sound of the singing and the shutting of the door that Josephine was safe in her own apartment, he went to Rossie, and found her sitting up just as she was the previous night, but much paler, and

more worn-looking, as if she had not slept for months.

But the smile with which she greeted him was as sweet and as cordial as ever, and in the eyes which she fixed so steadily upon him he saw neither hatred nor disgust, but an expression of unutterable sorrow and pity for him, and for herself, too, as well.

Rossie was not one to conceal her feelings. She was too much a child, too frank and ingenuous for that, and there was a great and bitter pain in her heart which she could not hide.

Everard had never said in words that he loved her, but when at that interview in the office he held her for an instant in his arms, and called her his darling, she accepted it as a fact, and when her dream of what might be was so rudely dispelled she could no more conceal her disappointment than she could hide the ravages of sickness so visible upon her face.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate for Rossie that she showed suffering so soon.

An ordinary headache would leave more traces upon her than a week's hard illness would leave on Beatrice, and she looked so sick and weak when Everard saw her in the daylight that he felt a great pang of fear lest she might be worse than he had supposed.

But her bright smile, which was like the sun in April, reassured him, and he sat down beside her to hear what she had to say.

"I've been thinking it all over," she began, "and though my opinion may not be worth much, I hope you will consider it at least and give some thought before deciding not to adopt it."

He guessed what she was coming, and nerved himself to keep quiet as she went on:

"Everard, she is your wife. You cannot undo that, except in one way, and that you must not take, for it is wicked and wrong. You loved her once. You say you were quite as much to blame for the marriage as she, and you know you have been wrong in keeping it a secret so long. She has some just cause for complaint, and, Everard, I want you to live with her, and try to love her again. You must support her and it will be so much better, and save so much talk and gossip if you live in the same house with her—live in this house, your rightful home."

"Never, Rossie!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "never can I make her really my wife. It would be wicked to attempt it, feeling toward her as I do. It would be a sin, and a mockery, and I shall not do it. You say I loved her once; perhaps I did, though it seems to me now like a child's fancy for some forbidden dainty, which, if obtained, elays on the stomach and sickens one ever after. No, Rossie, you talk in vain when you ask me to live with Josephine as my wife or even live with her at all. The same roof cannot shelter us both. Support her I shall, but live with her, never; and I am prepared for all the people will say against me. The majority will go with her, and it is better so, she being a woman and the weaker of the two. If I have your respect and sympathy I can defy the world, though the future looks very dreary to me."

His voice trembled as he spoke, and he leaned back in his chair as if he were faint and sick, while Rossie continued:

"If it is then your resolve not to live with your wife under any circumstances, this is my next best plan. Forrest House is her natural home, and she must stay here, whatever you may do."

"Here, Rossie! Here with you! Are you crazy?" Everard exclaimed.

And Rossie replied:

"I don't mean to stay with me, for I am going away. I have thought it all over, and talked with Mrs. Markham, who says I am competent to teach scholars not very far advanced. She has a friend who is wanting a governess for her three children, and she is going to write to-day, and propose me, and if the lady consents, I—I am going away."

Rossie finished the sentence with a long-drawn breath which sounded like a sob, for this going away from all she loved best was as hard for her as for Everard, who felt suddenly as if every ray of sunlight had been stricken from his life.

With Rossie gone the world would be dark indeed, and for a few moments he used all his powers of eloquence to dissuade her from the plan, but she was quite resolved, and he understood it at last, and answered her:

"Perhaps you are right; perhaps it is for the best, but Heaven pity me when you are gone, and only her left in your place!"

For a moment Rosamond was silent, and then she said, in her usual frank way:

"Yes, Everard, I know, I understand, or I think I do, and it would be foolish in me to pretend not to know—to believe—I mean," and now the bright colour began to mount to Rossie's cheeks as she went

on. "I mean that I believe that you do care for me some—that if I were dead you would be sorer and remember me longer than anyone else. I think you like me a little, don't you, Everard?"

It was the child Rossie—the little girl of his boyhood which spoke with all her old simple-heartedness of manner, but the face which looked up at the young man was not then the face of a child, for there was written on it all a woman's first tenderness and love, and the dark eyes were full of tears and the parted lips quivered even after she ceased to speak, and sat looking at him as fearlessly and as little abashed as she had looked at him when she asked to be his wife.

And he? How could he answer that question so innocently put?

"You do like me a little, don't you, Everard?" How, but to stoop and kiss the quivering lips which kissed him back again unhesitatingly, but when he sought to wind his arms around her, and hold her closely to him she motioned him away, and said:

"No, Everard, you might kiss me once, and I might kiss you back, as we would do if either of us were dying, and it was our farewell to each other as this must be and is. I can never kiss you again, never; nor you me, nor say anything like what we have been talking. Remember that, Everard. The might have been is past, and when we meet, as we sometimes may, it will be on the old footing as guardian and ward, brother and sister, if you like that better. And now listen while I finish telling you what my wishes are with regard to the future."

Rosamond's was the stronger spirit then, and she compelled the man, who longed so to press her to his heart, and defying Heaven and earth, claim her for his own, to sit quietly by and hear her while she planned the future for him.

Josephine was to live at Forrest House as its rightful mistress, and to receive a certain amount of income over and above the support which he would give her.

But to this he stoutly objected. If Josephine had the house and grounds that was all she could reasonably expect, and not a shilling of Rossie's money should ever find its way to her, he said. He could support her with his profession, and if Rossie did not choose to use what was rightly her own it would simply accumulate on her hands without doing good to anyone.

So Rossie gave that project up, but insisted that she should vacate the house as soon as she was able, and leave Josephine in possession, and Everard was commissioned to tell her so and to say that she must excuse Miss Hastings from seeing her until she was stronger than she was now, and that she must feel perfectly at home and free to ask for whatever she liked.

This freedom was quite superfluous and wholly unnecessary to one who had already begun to call about her for whatever she wanted, and had even ventured upon dictating to Axie with regard to certain matters, and who received Everard with the utmost coolness and hauteur when his interview ended with Rosamond, he went to communicate the result to his wife.

At first she listened incredulously, it seemed so improbable that Rossie would deliberately abandon her handsome home and give it up to her. But Everard succeeded in making her understand it at last, taking great care to let her know that she was to have nothing from the Forrest estate except the rent of the house, that for everything else she was dependent upon him, who could give her a comfortable support, but allow nothing like luxury or extravagance.

To this Josephine assented, and was gracious enough to say something about its being very kind and generous in Miss Hastings, and to express a wish that she might see her and thank her in person. But Everard gave no encouragement to the wish.

Miss Hastings was very weak, he said, and had already been too much excited, and needed perfect quiet for the present.

Of course, so long as she remained there she would be mistress of the house and Josephine her guest. For himself, he should return to his old quarters in town, and only come to the house when it was necessary to do so on business. If Josephine was needing money he had some which he could give her now and more would be forthcoming when that was gone.

Nothing could have been more formal than this interview between the husband and wife, and after it was over Josephine sat down to write to Mrs. Arnold in Dresden, while Everard went boldly out to face the world waiting so eager for him.

(To be Continued.)

LORD AUCKLAND has sold the hill and a part of the Doncaster moor to the Grand Stand proprietors.

PHILOSOPHY OF LAW.

LAW is like fire, and those who meddle with it may chance to burn their fingers.

LAW is like a pocket with a hole in it; and those who therein risk their money are very likely to lose it.

LAW is like a lancet; dangerous in the hands of the ignorant—doubtful even in the hands of an adept.

LAW is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you will be considerably reduced before you get through it.

LAW is to the litigant what the poulterer is to the goose. It plucks and it draws him—but here the simile ends; for the litigant, unlike the goose, never gets trust (trusted), although he may be roasted and dished.

LAW is like an ignis fatuus or jack-o-lantern. Those who follow the delusive guide too often find themselves inextricably involved in a bog or quagmire.

LAW is like prussic acid—a dangerous remedy and the smallest dose is generally sufficient.

LAW is like justice; even as copper gilt is like gold, and the comparative worth is about the same.

LAW is like an owl trap; very easy to get into, but very difficult to get out of.

LAW is like a razor, which requires a "strong back," keenness, and an excellent temper.

N. B.—Many of those who once get "shaved with ease and expedition," seldom risk a second operation.

LAW is like a flight of rockets. There is a great expense of powder! the cases are usually well got up, the reports are excellent; but after all, the sticks (q. d. the clients) are sure to come to the ground.

LAW is like a window of stained glass giving its own peculiar light and hue to the bright rays of truth which shine through it.

A TRUE LADY.

BEAUTY and style are not the surest passports of respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood that the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance.

A woman's worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and a woman with a kindly disposition, and a well-balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive; be her face ever so plain, and her figure ever so homely, she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers.

She has a higher purpose in living than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery on the streets, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by extracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

THERE are thousands of things in this world to afflict and sadden, but, oh, how many are beautiful and good.

The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape, the approach of disease or misfortune, the Sundering of earthly ties, the cankerworm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils which beset us might be avoided.

There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky; upon the earth; there would be in most hearts if we look around us. The storm dies away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her breath upon it.

A MINER of Lanner, near Redruth, named Hocking, who emigrated to the Diamond Fields of South Africa, has recently been fortunate enough to find a nugget of gold weighing 123 ounces. This nugget he sent home to his wife by a comrade returning in ill-health; and she deposited it for safety in a local bank.

A PRIZE of 200 guineas is offered by a Scottish member of the Anti-Vivisection Society for the best medical essay upon experiments involving cruel treatment of living animals, "scientifically and ethically considered from the anti-vivisectionist point of view." There is a good field here for investigation, if anyone would undertake it.

FLOWERS.

Who does not love flowers? It matters not what may be the temperament of people, whether they be alive to the gentle influences that surround them, or the finer feelings of sensibility, they cannot be utterly insensible to the charms and beauty of flowers—their native purity and poetic grace. What- ever be the stoicism of their nature, and however rough and uncouth their manners, their lack of appreciation for the things of sense, there yet dwells beneath the cold exterior a heart pregnant with sparks of genuine love and sympathy that have long remained dormant, needing only a magic touch or kindred spirit to kindle and fan them into a flame. It is true that for a while they may slumber and sleep, but for all that they have capabilities, susceptible of life and expansion, which some inanimate object may arouse, though they be gradual and imperceptible, yet they will spring into existence sooner or later.

It is hard to imagine anyone resisting the beauty of flowers, and the fragrance they shed around a home. The man of toil sits in his porch, after the labours of the day are over, perhaps to rest or think of what he has made and lost, or lays the plan of some deep speculation in his mind, which he purposes to prosecute the next day. He thinks of his cares and struggles—his efforts to feed and clothe his family and little ones—and how to keep gaunt famine from his door; he sits gloomily speculating on the future, and refuses his mind that rest which the Creator intended for him. If around the porch there clamber sweet flowers, diffusing their fragrance or clothed in their mantle of beauty, their luxuriant foliage of tender green protecting him from the zephyrs that rustle to the eddying gust, tell me can he be dead to their charms?

Can he resist the beauty they lend to his surroundings, or refuse to drink in their sweets? What contentment is painted in them! Let come wind and storm, they murmur not, "taking no thought for the morrow," but bud and bloom and shed their fragrance all the same, abiding calmly and resignedly every change of the weather till called away by the season that bids them go, when they as patiently droop and die, as fondly as they cling to the cords that held them up and supported them in all their weakness and dependence while living. What a lesson they teach, what an example they set!

Flowers do present a beautiful analogy to human life, and portray in glorious characters that embodiment of self—it phases and emotions in almost all of its diversified forms. There is the humble, modest little violet, the "loveliest of fair Flora's gifts;" see how affectionately and closely it lies to its mother earth, devoid of ostentatious pride, nor aspiringly lifts its head on high, but keeps its place, and yet commands the admiration and love of every beholder.

Like charity, "it vaunteth not itself," and blooms in the hollow clefts of the rocks, and upon the mountain's summit, though hidden from mortal eye, and where "foot of man ne'er trod," just as beautifully as if under our own eye and our own fostering care.

"Tis thus humility is found,
Remote from honour, fame and power;
It seeks the shady walks of life,
And blossoms like this modest flower."

Plant by its side another flower which rivals in beauty and excellence this modest blossom, and, thinking to outstrip its grandeur, lifts its head aloft, and soon looks down from its giddy height with disdain upon its companion, and glories at having left it behind, still bugging close to its dear old mother's bosom, as if afraid to leave her. Ambitious to excel, it has raised itself from above, and rests quietly in its exalted position, and lives in fancied security against any foe.

The storm king comes along, breathing destruction and desolation in his path. The ambitious rival breathes defiance as he approaches; but on it comes, and claims for its first conquest this self-same ambitious flower. Beneath the fury and strength of the blast it succumbs—it bends and breaks, falls to the ground a dismembered branch, its petals scattered over the hills or swept into the current of some rapid stream, while others die upon the ground, motionless and still, wrecks of former grandeur and magnificence, no longer towering above and bathing in the sunlight, no longer filling the air with its rich perfume, and mocking in cruel sport the modest, unpretending violet, still blooming in all its freshness, its glory and pride.

Where could we find a fitter emblem of false ambition in man than that exemplified in this flower, which would lord it over its neighbour, because it was lowly, and walked in the humbler paths of life, preferring the even tenor of its way, with the quiet

and peace of a lowly station, to the uncertain pinnacle of fame and power?

There's yet another flower, which, like the creeping reptile coiled upon its native bed, is as harmless as the gentle dove nestled snugly within the confines of its downy nest, so long as it remains undisturbed, and the tenor of its way is untroubled; but once touched, or a hand gently laid upon it, it unbids the fetters of its pent-up wrath, and lets out the indignant spleen of its morose, crabbed, selfish nature—the characteristic element of self. It would rather be let alone and live to itself than have the communion of friends, their advice and counsel.

Now who cannot readily perceive the line of analogy, as presented in the flowers, to the human character? The violet, with its humility and self-abasement; the other, with its "high blown" pride and arrogance and disposition to look down upon others in the humbler walks of life; look at the touch-me-not, all clothed in mighty self, its selfish and unsocial habits and fractious nature; are not these emblematic of human character? Many others could be selected to exhibit the passions and emotions of poor, short-sighted mortals, and what away their hearts and minds, but it would be a consumption of time unnecessarily employed, since the three emblems mentioned serve the purpose for which this article is designed, and for the lessons they inculcate.

Independent of their beauty and exquisite charms, and the love and sympathy they shed around a home, for these likenesses to ourselves alone, we ought to be thankful to Him who has given flowers to us. They are His handiwork and His smiles.

'Tis thus the flowers teach us lessons, and set us examples worthy of imitation. As we asked in the beginning, "Who does not love flowers?" for the revelations they make and the lessons they teach? Truly if we can read sermons in books, and see poetry in the stars, surely we can derive knowledge and wisdom from the flowers.

BOYS WILL NOT.

MAKE home a pleasant place for your boys. Don't be so afraid of your best parlour that they must not use it. Let them have plenty of warmth and light, and entertaining books to read, and musical instruments, and any parlour games they like.

Girls will stay at home if home be the dulllest place under the moon, but boys will not. If their young companions are banished, if they are checked when they laugh, or sing, or make a noise, if they may not have the innocent freedom that they need under their parents' roof, then they will have freedom of some sort elsewhere. And there are always enough ready to beckon them to places where the bloom is brushed from youth's round cheek.

A young man will squeeze a little "fun" out of his life, and if you want him to be a credit to you and to himself, make it possible for him to enjoy himself in his home. Let the home be a place to live and breathe in, not merely a roof under which he may eat and sleep.

BAD PENMANSHIP.

THE first Napoleon wrote so badly that his letters from Germany to Josephine were at first sight taken for rough maps of war. Mr. Brooks, a railroad manager, wrote to a man living on the Central route, threatening to prosecute him forthwith unless he removed a barn he had run upon the Company's property. The recipient did not read the letter, for reading it was impossible, but he made out the signature and arrived at the conclusion that the manager had favoured him with a free pass along the line. As such he used it for a couple of years, no conductor on the route being able to dispute his reading of the document.

PINK AZALEAS.

THERE were two women in E—whom I sincerely loved. There was attached to their fortunes a spice of romantic interest which might, perhaps, be woven into a story. But first I must tell you about E— itself. It was one of those quaint, elderly towns which have a twofold history.

At first—that is, no longer ago than twenty years—it had been a quiet country village, with a few staid old families, a few quiet and orderly mechanics, and an outlying agricultural neighbourhood that was

thrifty in its habits, Puritan in its sentiments, and independent in its ideas, though it had never thought of putting itself on a level with the old families just mentioned.

A magistrate, a doctor, a lawyer, one or two landed gentlemen, and the minister—these constituted the aristocracy of E— twenty years ago. Soon after the time I have mentioned enterprising capitalists from abroad began the erection of mills and manufacturing factories. That brought in trade and a new class of people. Then came a railway, with still other new associations. A large hotel was built, and altogether the old town was improved out of its staid and sober senses.

One or two of the old families were represented by younger members who took some active part in the new enterprises, and so made a place for themselves in the new order of things; but for the most part the old aristocracy resented the coming and especially the activity among them, and there was little good-fellowship between them. Especially was this the case where the family was represented by women or elderly men.

Then there were other reasons why these elderly people, who had all their lives been the leaders of society in E—, should look with disfavour upon the new-comers. Hitherto, birth and breeding had been the standard of worth in E—; but trade brought money, and money commanded the accessories of fashion and display. It happened, therefore, that the new people could command finer dress, handsomer equipages, and better servants than the old. So envy stepped in, and rivalry, and show, and glitter put on airs, while good blood wore its old clothes and held a haughty head, and society in E— became hopelessly divided.

It was to the old clique that Mrs. Burchard and her daughter Olivia belonged. Mrs. Burchard had come of an historical family, and when she had married it had been to strengthen her claims to position. But she had been a widow these ten years. The expenses of Olivia's education had borne heavily upon her purse, and she was brought at last to really straitened circumstances.

However, she had managed to keep her place in society—to dress, to entertain company, even to take her annual jaunt to the sea-side in the season, so that if any suspected, as in truth all E— did, that her means were growing yearly more limited, no one had the courage to so much as intimate the knowledge to her, and she really deceived herself into believing that it was an unknown or at least unimportant fact—until the new people arrived. But when the day of lawn and merinos went out, and the day of silks and velvets came in, Mrs. Burchard was plainly at a disadvantage.

To tell the truth, the new-comers were people who respected a good family, and Mrs. Burchard might still have held her own if only she could have been content to meet on equal terms people of yesterday, who were yet better dressed than herself. It was precisely at this point her pride gave way. She put on airs and lorded it over the people of wealth, and they in their turn refused to invite her; and so it came to pass that Mrs. Burchard found herself dropped out of the society of her native town just at a time when it was most important, for Olivia's sake, that she should be asserting her position, and making the most of it.

Bitterness, therefore, dwelt in her soul; and Olivia, who was really a fine girl, just turned twenty, and beautiful after the chaste and delicate fashion of Englishwomen, led really a life of obscurity, and in some sort of privation.

As I have intimated, I loved Olivia Burchard. I use the word advisedly. A poor unnoticed school-teacher, toiling from day to day in her arduous and often ill-paid avocation, has not usually so many friends that she can afford to play fast and loose with them. My profession had its advantages; it admitted me upon equal terms to every grade of society.

The old aristocracy received me out of deference to the spirit of culture which I was supposed in some small way to represent; while the new people tolerated me out of pure good-nature. In their view I was a poor little thing, having indeed some pretensions to ladyship, but doomed to a hard lot in life. It would not hurt them to associate with me; it might be some alleviation to my miseries; so they humanely took me for what I was worth, and indeed I managed to have a very agreeable time among them. But they were an ambitious and consequently a busy folk. Busy about their own affairs, their



[LOVE'S SPOILS.]

dressess, their party-giving, and I never fancied that my hold upon them was anything more than purely accidental.

But with the Burchards it was different. In their quiet and shadowed life I was really of some importance as a medium of intelligence between them and that outside world in which their real interests were felt to lie, though they themselves were excluded from it. It was something, besides, to Mrs. Burchard to have a friend into whose ear she could pour without restraint her regrets and complainings. It was more to Olivia to find one youthful heart to whom she might in some quiet, silent way confide the dreams and the aspirations which mark the life of every refined and affectionate woman of twenty.

"Oh," she was wont to say, "if mamma had not this terrible pride I would put myself in some position, I know I would, that should bring me more in contact with the world, and give me a chance to know something of life. See how much happier you are than I am, just because you know nothing about caste. You have friends and interests; while I live such a poor and barren life. And yet it is in me to do better if only there were the opportunity."

I was sure that this last was essentially true.

Olivia Burchard was formed for society and for conquest.

Her mother knew it, and groaned over it. But at last an incident fell out which gave Olivia her longed-for clue to life.

I have said that there were two women in E—whom I loved.

Olivia Burchard was one, Alice Meredith was the other.

Meredith and Co. were the mill-owners. They had bought the water-power originally from Mrs. Bur-

chard, at what she afterwards chose to consider a ridiculously low figure, taking advantage, as she was wont to say, of woman's ignorance of business to drive a hard bargain with her. Whether this was true or not I never knew.

I fancied, from what I know of Colonel Meredith's character, that there was in the transaction no more than the usual prudence of a man of affairs who is embarking in a new and hazardous enterprise; but, be this as it may, Mrs. Burchard always felt aggrieved, and it was this feeling which had in a greater or less degree occasioned her first falling out with the newcomers.

Colonel Meredith was a widower. A widowed sister managed his house. His daughter Alice was his pet and idol.

She was very beautiful—a slight, fair creature with blonde hair and great blue eyes, gentle, exceedingly, yet not without the graces and coquetties of a spoiled child.

As she was the only child, and her father was wealthy, with apparently no disposition to marry again, it may be imagined that she was a great favourite in society.

Often in the spring mornings she went out to ride, and as she swept past the cottage of the Burchards on her black pony, her long blue riding-habit and white ostrich plume trailing behind her, the very picture of beauty and elegance and youth and health, it may be imagined that the tide of envy rose high in Mrs. Burchard's bosom.

And I think Olivia would have been somewhat less than human if she had not in a measure shared her mother's feelings.

As I was in a manner the confidante of the Burchards, I was also on companionable terms with Alice Meredith.

Sitting one day in her boudoir, she busy with her

embroidery, I pretending to read aloud to her, she said to me, at last:

"Put down your book, Bessy. I want to talk to you. Did you know that my lover was coming to see me?"

"I did not even know that you had a lover," I replied, quietly enough.

"I supposed so," she said. "But I have. It is papa's friend, Arthur Ellsworth. He is very rich; indeed he owns by far the larger part of the mills, though that is not known. It is for papa's interest that I should marry him, and he is very much in earnest about it. I saw him last winter in Brighton, and now he is coming here."

"And do you love him?" I asked.

"That is just what I want to talk about," she said. "I don't know, can't even imagine whether I love him or not, or whether I ought to marry him. Certainly I don't love him as I do papa."

"I should hope not," I said, laughing.

"Now don't laugh," she continued, "but just tell me—how do people feel when they are in love?"

"Well, my child," I said—she was scarcely seventeen—"I fear that is what I cannot tell you. But let us inquire. Is this Mr. Ellsworth pleasing to you? Do you think him handsome?"

"No, he is not at all handsome—not as book descriptions go. He would never make a hero of a novel. He is tall and square-shouldered, has brown, almost yellow hair. And no man can be handsome, you know, who has not black eyes, and his eyes are—well, green, I think."

"Well, but he may be good, if he isn't beautiful."

"But are people usually loved because they are good? I fancy not."

"I'm sure they ought to be."

"But has 'ought' anything to do with love. Because really I ought to love Arthur Ellsworth, I suppose."

"And you think you don't?"

"He isn't my hero, really. Yet I think him a good man, and papa says he loves me, and that he will make me the best of husbands."

"And he himself is coming to tell you so?"

"I suppose so. You see it is like this: They are to build a new mill this summer in the wood—only think of it being desecrated by a great ugly mill. And Mr. Ellsworth is to superintend the work. For all he is so wealthy, he is an architect or something. Papa says he began life a poor boy, educated himself, and now at thirty-five he is worth—I don't know how much, but more a good deal than papa. He was much pleased with me last winter, and asked papa the other day if Miss Alice was to be at home this summer. 'Because really,' he said, 'I think I lost my heart to her last winter, and if I can make her care half as much for me as I do for her, I mean to ask her to be my wife—with your consent, of course.' And papa gave his consent, and now he says I am almost as good as engaged. And he has sent for beautiful dresses for me, and says I am to make myself as agreeable to him as possible, and that by Christmas he hopes I shall be married. And of course I am wondering if I shall be happy as Mr. Ellsworth's sweetheart and wife. For I think, Bessy," went on the little chatterbox, "that love and marriage are very important subjects for a woman to consider, and I never mean to marry a man unless I love him—never! And yet I would like above almost all things to please papa."

Of course all this was of the nature of a confidential communication, and I so considered it. Yet I am inclined to think that confidence is oftenest betrayed in this world in an indirect and wholly unconsidered manner.

And of this, perhaps, an interview with Olivia Burchard a few days later may furnish some sort of example.

We were sitting in their little parlour—Mrs. Burchard, Olivia, and I.

"There has been an arrival in the village," said Olivia—"a gentleman. Do you know who it is, Bessy? A tall, broad-shouldered man, not handsome, but with the look of a man of affairs. He was talking with Alice Meredith when I encountered them, and seemed quite devoted."

"I imagine it may be Mr. Ellsworth," I said.

"And who is Mr. Ellsworth?"

"A business friend of Mr. Meredith's, I believe."

"And what is he doing here?"

"It is about the mill, I believe. They contemplate improvements this summer, and he is said to be the architect."

"What improvements?" said Mrs. Burchard, a little sharply. "Not another new mill, I should hope?"

"Yes, a new mill, I have heard."

"Has this Ellsworth money?" asked Olivia, quietly.

"He is reported to be wealthy."

"And is he a lover of Alice Meredith?"

Now that was the first question which had touched a fact which all the world might not know.

I must either answer in the affirmative or evade it; and to evade it was to permit so sharp a woman as Olivia Burchard to see that there was a secret.

Plainly I ought not to have permitted myself to talk about Mr. Ellsworth at all.

"I'm sure I can't say as to that," I answered, perhaps with a little consciousness.

"Well, it looked like it, and if he has money, no doubt it is a match arranged by her father. I heard, not long since, that he had been losing money."

"His daughter will no doubt fill his purse for him again," said Mrs. Burchard, with bitterness. "She is very handsome, and he has no scruples."

Now or never I must interfere, for the Merediths were my friends.

"I had forgotten your estimate of the Merediths," I said, "or I should not have permitted myself to talk about them. They have been kind to me, and though I can quite understand your feelings, I cannot wholly sympathise with them. Let us talk of something else."

No offence was meant and none was taken, but Olivia Burchard set her lips together with an air of determination which I did not then understand.

Early in May work was commenced upon the new mill. It became evident then that Mr. Ellsworth had taken in hand the task of superintending it; also that he was devoting himself wholly, in a social way, to Alice Meredith. If Olivia Burchard had indeed designs upon him, now was the time for her to carry them out.

One bright morning during the latter part of May, as I passed the Burchards' gate on my way to school, I saw Olivia come out, dressed in a very carefully-studied yet appropriate morning costume, with a basket, a pretty trifle of fancy wicker-work, upon her arm.

"Good-morning," I said; "you look like a Watteau shepherdess. Where are you going?"

"Into the wood to gather apple blossoms," she replied, quietly.

Light broke suddenly in upon my mind. I was half inclined to revoke my good wishes.

"Aren't you afraid of falling in with the workmen on the new mill?" I asked. "I hear they are rather a rough lot."

"No, I am not," she replied. "I shall not intrude upon the mill's property, and I imagine that Meredith and Co. do not own all E—yet. I have a right, I think, to gather blossoms in my own wood."

I had forgotten till that moment that in the sale of land Mrs. Burchard had reserved a wood-lot for herself.

"That is true, of course," I replied. "I shall call this evening to levy on you for my share of the spoils."

"Very well," she replied, more good-naturedly. "I shall be generous with you."

I was true to my word, and after school was over wended my way directly to Mrs. Burchard's.

To my amazement I found Olivia reclining upon the lounge, with showers of wild azaleas all about her.

"Why, what has happened?" I asked. "Are you ill?"

"No," she replied, laughing. "It is only a sprained ankle. I had quite an adventure in the wood this morning."

"What was it, pray? Adventures are so scarce in this quiet place that when they do befall they should be common property."

"Oh," she said, "I am not going to tell you all about it. It was very prosy in detail. Simply in climbing for a particularly fine bunch of azaleas I missed my footing and fell. I found my ankle was too much sprained to permit me to rise, so there I lay for a half hour or so helpless, with my azaleas wilting in the sun. After a time, a gentleman came by. I may as well tell you at once that it was Mr. Ellsworth. I was greatly relieved, for in truth, as I lay there, I thought of your warning concerning the workmen, and was growing uneasy. But Mr. Ellsworth was very kind. When I had told him my story, he lifted me as gently as possible into his trap, and brought me home. That of course was simply humanity; but what was more and better than the good Samaritan, he sympathised with my grief for my poor azaleas to that extent that he actually went back to the wood and gathered just armfuls of them, and brought them to me to console my solitude, he said. Wasn't that nice of him?"

"Very," I said, quietly, for I began to suspect that something, I knew not how much, of this adventure was foreordained in Miss Olivia's fertile mind.

She changed her tone then. She had been triumphant; now she pleaded.

"Bessy," she said, "you are a good child, and I believe you love me. Will you do me a favour?"

"If I can, certainly," I said.

"There's to be a party at the Merediths next week. Can't you obtain me an invitation?"

"Why," I said, "that is doubtful. Besides, your mother would object to your going—would she not?"

"Yes, doubtless; but I could overrule her; and I do want to go."

"Isn't it something new for you to seek attentions from that quarter?"

"Be still with your surmises and conjectures," she said, half-laughing, half-imperious. "Don't you see that I'm tired of this enforced seclusion? I believe that the Merediths are very good people, after all, and that it is mamma who has been absurd. I want to heal the breach. Will you not be the bearer of the olive-branch?"

Now I know very well that I had only to speak the word to set Alice Meredith's gentle heart all aglow with sympathy and kindness. Yet somehow, for the first time in my life, I did distrust Olivia.

"I believe," I said, laughing, "that you are smitten with Mr. Ellsworth. Is it not so?"

"Nonsense," she said; "he is as good as engaged to Alice Meredith, and you know it. But I did like him better than I expected, and I suspect the same may be true of some of his confrères who so far have been tabooed. So now respect my repentance, I entreat you, and prove yourself a dove of peace."

But circumstances saved me the trouble. When I called to see Olivia the next day she said:

"I'm even with you now, you cross old thing. Miss Meredith has been here herself to-day, and has brought me my invitation. What a silly little goose she is!"

"I don't find her silly," I said. "In truth, Olivia, I think you seem dreadfully changed since your adventure in the wood. You used to be a refined and delicate woman, with quite pride enough for station, but now—"

"Now what?" she interrupted. "You think I have grown a hoyden?"

"Not exactly that."

"But approximately. Well, I am perhaps changed, but it is only to this extent: I have been passive heretofore, but now I see that, if I would not lose every chance I have in my life, I must be up and doing. I am not one whit more in love with my destiny than I was one week ago, but I am determined to meet it face to face, and if possible conquer it. I am young, ambitious. I have the good looks that go with youth and health, and some other cards in my favour. Why should I not make the most I can of my chances?"

"True," I said, with a little sigh. I knew too well the sadness of a solitary life not to feel some sympathy with the desperate effort which Olivia was evidently making to set herself into the current of life, and so escape that danger.

Olivia went to the party, notwithstanding the bitter opposition of her mother. Her sprained ankle improved rapidly after she received her invitation, and I felt sure that she was determined to make an impression upon this her first appearance before the new people of E—.

It was a little late when she entered—tall, graceful, full of nerve and force, and yet with agreeable dignity in her manner that carried its own suggestion of her claims. I think I had never seen her so well. Her dress was a black grenadine. Her ornaments a few old-fashioned pearls which had been her mother's, and in her hair and upon her brow a knot of wild azaleas. Instantly she set herself in contrast with these careless, good-natured new people, with their very recent manners and their fashions of to-day.

Colonel Meredith, himself a man of gallantry, was most gracious to her. Alice's simple little heart fell in love with her at once. Mr. Ellsworth, rather to my astonishment, held aloof; and Olivia, on her part, did not so much as cast her eyes in his direction. There were plenty of other gentlemen, however, to gather around her, though none so distinguished as Mr. Ellsworth.

It was a pleasant evening, and it could not be denied that Olivia added a new lustre to it. It was not till after tea, however, that Mr. Ellsworth made any advances. I was watching him narrowly, and confess to some surprise as I saw, by the easy and confidential manner in which he addressed her, that the acquaintance between them had progressed much farther than I knew. I even thought that Colonel

Meredith eyed the two not without some trace of trouble in his face.

The next day I saw Alice.

"How were you pleased with Miss Burchard?" I asked.

"I think her very fascinating," she replied, with some constraint. Then, after a pause, "Bessy, you know her well. Will you tell me if she is quite a sincere person?"

"I have always thought her so," I answered, quite honestly. "Why do you ask?"

"I cannot tell you," she said. "I am very young, I know, and have seen little of the world, but I somehow feel afraid of this Miss Burchard. She is so unlike me, you know."

"Yes, very unlike," I said, "but I hope not without her redeeming traits."

There was a little pause. Then I ventured to ask:

"Are you and Mr. Ellsworth engaged yet?"

"No," she replied, very softly.

"Have you found out yet if you love him, Alice?" I asked.

She raised her eyes to me beseechingly, as a fawn might when overtaken by the hunter.

"He has been very good to me," she said, "and papa wishes me to marry him."

I was answered. The child's dream of love, both filial and conjugal, centred in Arthur Ellsworth. I trembled a little for her fate, I confess.

I think Arthur Ellsworth himself was troubled in those days. When he had first met Alice Meredith, it had seemed to him that the pretty, spoiled child was a flower that any man might delight to pluck and wear in his bosom. I do not believe that he had ever fathomed the real strength of her nature—a strength that was wholly of the affections, it was true, yet which was destined to outlast the shocks of time to which more solid-looking things succumbed.

But when he met Olivia Burchard I think it seemed to him that he had met his fate. Accustomed only to the people whom he met in his busy, stirring world, however Olivia seemed to other people, to him she represented an atmosphere of cool reserve and dignified associations which was new to him. At this point, too, Mrs. Burchard developed a freakish opposition to him.

"He is not only new," she said, "but he shows his newness in all his ways. I can't think where your eyes are, Olivia, that you can tolerate him at all."

"Mamma," said Olivia, very frankly, "if I had the world of men before me where to choose, I suppose my choice might not fall upon Mr. Ellsworth. I do not pretend to be at all infatuated with him. But if I am not mistaken, he can give me position, wealth, a vantage ground from which to meet life on equal terms and test my own capabilities. That is what I shall never find living here in E—, as we are living now. So if he asks me to marry him, I shall not say him a hasty nay."

"You are afraid of being an old maid," said her mother, bitterly.

"Well, yes, to tell the truth, I am," replied Olivia. And yet Mr. Ellsworth seemed to waver.

October had come, and still the game was a drawn one. Alice Meredith alone seemed to maintain a wholly calm demeanour. Child as she was, she had the woman's instinct in her, and hid her wound. But Colonel Meredith looked anxious. It was true that he had met with losses, and sadly needed the help which a wealthy son-in-law could give him, yet he was not the man to force his daughter upon any suitor. And in these days Ellsworth could hardly be said to be a suitor, at least for Alice Meredith's hand.

He visited the house yet, as indeed he could scarcely help, so close were his business relations with the colonel; I think, beside, that he felt in his own heart not only that Colonel Meredith had heretofore included him in his plans, but that he had given him reason to do so. Yet all the while the fascination of Olivia Burchard's eyes, the magnetism of her touch, drew him farther and farther away from the old allegiance. At last the crisis came.

It was a glorious October day, and the colonel, perhaps to ease a troubled mind, had planned a small party to the wood.

"We are going to cut off the timber next year," he said, "and the romance of the place will be spoiled. Let us enjoy it once more in all its glory."

The colonel was host, and the little child-woman, as we all had come to think of Alice, was busy with the packing of stores.

It had been planned at first that we should all go together in the great wagon; but at the last moment, when Alice, having discharged all her house-keeping duties, appeared upon the piazza fully ready for departure, it was announced that, as the

waggon would be crowded, Mr. Ellsworth and Olivia were to ride on horseback.

For the last week Mr. Ellsworth had been more than usually attentive to Alice, and I think a hope had revived, both in her heart and that of her father, that he was returning to his first love. The blow, therefore, was a sudden one to Alice, and she grew for a moment pale.

But rallying instantly she took her place in the waggon, and did her best to entertain the party. Nor did anyone, I think, but her father and myself, suspect the effort it cost her.

The day was charming, the wood serene and still in its autumn loveliness.

It was a fitting place for lovers to dream in. We had dinner first, and, that over, separated in little groups to roam through the wood. Mr. Ellsworth and Olivia went off together.

Alice came to me and stealing her arm about my waist, asked me to go with her to a point she indicated.

The child was sad and sorrowful, and I was glad to be her companion and shield her from too-observing eyes.

We strayed off to the point she had mentioned, which was in an opposite direction from that taken by Mr. Ellsworth and Olivia.

We reached it, and sat silent for a few moments, and then fell into a desultory chat. A half hour had passed, I suppose, when suddenly we heard voices on the other side of the thicket beneath which we were hidden.

"It has been a wonderful summer to me," Ellsworth was saying, "in spite of its unsatisfactory ending. I came here half in love with Alice Meredith, and in honour pledged to her, though not in set terms. She is but a child, but she is a most charming one, as even you will admit. I thought until I met you that life could hold no better fate for me than to win her to be my wife. Then I found you among the apple blossoms. Oh, Olivia, why was that meeting, since it came so late? I need not tell you—you are a woman, and you know that never before in my life have the passion and the power of my nature been so moved—I love you, Olivia, as I can never love that artless child, yet I know, what in honour I confide to you, that her father's fortunes hang upon the disposition of mine. I must desert not only her, but her father, who is my friend, if I marry you. So, though my life will be poor and barren always without you, Olivia, the sacrifice must be made."

To this day I cannot tell how sincere the man may have been. I think he was himself puzzled to know in whose keeping his happiness really lay.

But Alice was no double dealer. At this instant she sprang forward and faced the two.

"Mr. Ellsworth," she said, her face as pale as the ghost of a dead love, "Mr. Ellsworth, forgive me that I have heard your words. I could not choose but hear them. And I am glad, since power is thus given me to prevent this sacrifice which you so generously contemplate. I love you—I do not deny that; love you as perhaps only a child can love, with utter selfishness, and I cannot accept an homage that comes with such visible reluctance. You spoke of my father, sir; you had no right; but since there was no reserve on your part, there shall be none on mine. Ruin may await us—I do not know; but my father would not, for the sake of money, offer the hand of his child to a man whose heart was another's. I have spoken incoherently, but I trust you understand me."

She turned to go, but suddenly fell prone upon the earth.

Ellsworth sprang and brought water to restore her.

In his own arms he bore her back again to the waggon, and laid her in it.

She recovered at length, but no entreaties of his could induce her to look kindly upon him. Her love was slain by his perfidious words.

An illness followed. When she recovered it was January. Her father's ruin was known, and Mr. Ellsworth's engagement to Olivia Burchard was announced.

She took up the burden of her life patiently and with a strength of which no one had suspected her capable.

Colonel Meredith gathered together some remnants of his shattered fortunes, and the two faced life together.

In a little cottage near the town they took up their residence, and there faithfully from day to day Alice stayed by her father, comforting him in all his trials, herself attending to the duties of the house, and making for him such a home as in the days of his prosperity he had never known.

She never listened again to the voice of any lover, but as fortune smiled once more upon her father, she became the almoner of his bounties, and in

many a cottage of the poor her name and presence were only known to be greeted with blessings.

Years later I visited Olivia Ellsworth in her magnificent town mansion. She had grown to be a restless and ambitious woman of the world.

She had never borne children, and, engrossed with selfish interests, her heart had hardened into something not pleasant for me who had known her in her youth to behold.

It was in the spring that I was there, and coming down one morning, I found that the gardener had brought in from the conservatory his store of azaleas, pink and white, just now in full radiance and perfection of their bloom, and had scattered them about the parlours.

Presently the master of the house came in with his morning paper in his hand. He paused and looked about him.

He had grown stout with the years, and a bitterness, quite unlike the Arthur Ellsworth of former days, now and then sharpened the accent of his voice.

The azaleas displeased him. "Olivia," he said, "have the trash removed at once."

"What," she said, "you do not like the azaleas? I am surprised."

I think she had really forgotten that they had any association for him.

"No," he said, "I do not like them. They remind me too much of the E— wood."

So it seemed to me that, in spite of his prosperity, life had not gone altogether well with him.

J. W.

FACETIE.

A COLOURABLE ALTERATION.

IN consequence of the recent disclosures as to the chastisement of the boys at Christ's Hospital, it will be known in future as the Black and Blue Coat School.

—Funny Folks.

THE DIFFERENCE.

WHEN statesmen of old wanted to communicate with their constituents they used post-horses; Mr. Gladstone uses post-cards.

—Funny Folks.

DEVICE for the Four-in-Hand Club—St. George and the drag on.

—Funny Folks.

A MEN ADVANTAGE.—Being preferred for your good looks.

—Funny Folks.

SOMETHING no "Tellah" can Understand—Egyptian Finance.

—Funny Folks.

SUB-TRACTIONS.—Underground Railway Engines.

—Funny Folks.

A "BROKEN READ."—The interrupted perusal of a novel.

—Funny Folks.

WHAT the Colorado Beetle Says to the Agriculturist.—"Do you see any Paris green in my eye?"

—Funny Folks.

LATEST ARRIVALS AT THE ZOO.

"A WHYDAH BIRD" (from West Africa).—As Whydah a bird as there is anywhere abroad.

"A DOWNEY WOOD-PECKER" (from America).—Not "downy" enough, though, to escape being caught.

"A FITCHET WEASEL" (presented).—Doubtless on account of its Fitchety ways.

"A WHITE-BREADED NUT HATCH" (America).—Hatches colonels, of course.

"TWO MUSK DEER."—Sent over from India.

"A PHATTA MONKEY."—A Phatita, but not the Phattiest.

"TWO THAR GOATS" (from Africa).—So they're not Thar now—they're here.

"A SMALL HILL MYNAH."—Neither Mynah yours, really; but we may both see it.

"A BAY BAMBOO RAT."—Quite the aristocrat of the tribe.

—Funny Folks.

A LITTLE girl suffering from rheumatism was crying piteously, when her father, thinking to divert her mind from the pain, said, "Manie, I have just been to see your little cousin Joe, and he has the measles." She at once cried out, "Why didn't he send some?"

HIS EXAMINATION

THERE is a story of a candidate who went up for his examination the second time, having failed the previous year.

"Have you been up before?" asked the examiner,

as the former entered the room, where the viva voce examination was held.

"Yes, sir."

"And what did I ask you?"

"You asked me," replied the youth, "if I had been up before."

The viva voce examination of the too outspoken young man ended at this point, the examiner being too angry to proceed with it any further.

A VERY young miss who resides in Holmes Street thus addressed her parental ancestor at the breakfast table on Sunday morning: "Papa, I want a new hat and a pair of new shoes?"

"I suppose so. What don't you want?" remarked the parental.

"Well," answered the quick-witted little miss, "I don't want any trousers."

IN A SHAPE TO BE ANSWERED.

IN one of the courts in Sacramento, two or three days ago, there came up for trial a case in which a Chinaman was the complaining witness against a white man. During the empanelling of the jury one of the attorneys questioned closely the men summoned as jurors, to ascertain their views on the Chinese question. He asked one of them:

"Would you believe a Chinaman under oath?"

The witness responded in the affirmative.

"Would you believe a Chinaman as quickly as you would a white man?"

"Well," hesitatingly, "I would believe him as soon as I would some white men."

"That isn't an answer to my question. I now ask you, and I desire a categorical answer, would you believe a Chinaman as soon as you would believe me, or the attorney for the defence, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, sir; certainly!"

The attorney did not appear to feel much better after he found out.

It is not advisable to go out of doors without anything on your head, or into society without anything in it.

BLOOMING.

A LITTLE daughter had watched with interest the unfolding of flowers in a garden, seeing a rose-blossom change from a bud to a full-blown rose in a short time. One day she saw a turkey-cock suddenly expand his tail into a fan, in the act of strutting, when she ran to her mother and exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I have just seen a turkey bloom out!"

THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

A VERY respectable man decided, the other day, to try the blue-glass cure, and he took the glass and a glazier home with him, and pointed out the window where it was to be put in. It wasn't the glazier's business to observe that the window was on the north side of the house, where no ray of sunlight ever came, and he finished his work according to instructions. The citizen returned just as the job was completed, and after walking around the house two or three times, he remarked:

"Well, it seems to me we have got the wrong window."

"No sun here," replied the painter; "what shall I do?"

"Well," said the man, as he squinted around, "we'll leave it for a day or two. If I can get the sun around here some way, it will be all right. If I can't, we'll have to take the glass out."

The glazier is waiting to see if the man can handle the sun.

NOT TO BLAME.

A SCOTCH clergyman was seen by a neighbour trudging home on Monday morning with a stout cod he had just bought, and was accosted with:

"Mr. Duncan, did you know that that fish was caught on Sunday?"

The minister, in his characteristic blunt manner, replied:

"Well, well, the fish is not to blame for that, my man."

FLUSH TIMES.

"At last," broke out our jolliest friend, as he burst into the office, "I have struck upon a plan for making flush times."

"How is it?" earnestly exclaimed our financial man.

"By courting a bashful girl," exclaimed the joking fiend. And dodging an unfriendly chair, he departed.

A FEW days ago, in the presence of a large party of Bolton excursionists, Mr. Gladstone first cut down a large tree, and then "planted himself" on the stump! This wonderful occurrence took place in the presence of many hundreds of people, so there was no delusion.

EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR LAW STUDENTS.

How many acres do "Grounds for an indictment" contain?

When "an action lies," is it open to a committal for perjury?

Are "open spaces" governed by "Common-law?"

When legal proceedings are "taken," should they be conveyed away in the police-van?

Of what nature are the "provisions of an Act," and is there a reduction on taking a quantity of them at Legal Provision Stores?

When commitments are framed, should they be glazed also?

When a prisoner is in custody for being "too full of liquor," is it advisable to bale him out?

Is a "Crown suit" considered courtly attire?

Is the "Judicial Bench" simply a "form of law?" And does the judge convey it away with him when he "takes his seat?"

When a man "drives through an Act of Parliament," should he not do so in a "legal conveyance?"

—Funny Folks.

THE NEW FIRST LORD.

THE Premier has shown his usual wisdom in his last appointment. He has appointed a "practical Smith" to look after our ironclads.

—Judy.

BARBAROUS—"Perfection of Parting"—Parting with one's mother-in-law.

—Judy.

INVALID FURNITURE—A wooden leg.

—Judy.

CULTURE FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

PHILANTHROPIC EMPLOYER (who has paid his workpeople's expenses to a neighbouring Fine-Art Exhibition): "Well, Johnson, what did you think of it? Pick up an idea or two?"

FOREMAN: "Well, yer see, sir, it were a this way. When us got ther, we was a considerin' what was best to be done, so we app'nted a deputation o' three on us to see what it were like; an' when they come out an' said it were only pictures an' such, we thought it a pity to spend our shilling on 'em. So we went to the tea-gardens, and wery pleasant it were, too. Thank yer kindly, sir!"

—Punch.

THE NORWEGIAN WAY.

In Norway drunkards are compelled to sweep the streets. When a motion was made in the Chicago Common Council to adopt the Norwegian practice, seventeen red-nosed aldermen arose, simultaneously, and wanted to know if this glorious republic was going to be dictated to by the effete despots of Europe.

NOT DUE.

"Is it not time that you paid me that sovereign?" said a farmer to his neighbour.

"Tain't due," was the reply.

"But," said the farmer, "you promised to pay me directly you got back from London."

"Well, I hain't been," was the reply.

HIS OLD TRICKS.

The other day a country lady visited South Hetton, and seeing the churchyard gate open ventured in and saw the sexton busy cleaning up the walks. She inquired where Mr. Howell was laid, when the sexton kindly informed her. She dropped a tear over the grave and said "She would sit down beside him, poor fellow."

There happened to be a dead thorn in the grass where she sat down, which caused her to jump up again.

"Ah, Mr. Howell," she cried, "you have not forgotten your old tricks yet—just like you, Mr. Howell."

STATISTICS.

HORSES.—The number of horses in the various countries of the European continent and in the United States of America is estimated as follows:—In Russia, 16,160,000; North America, 9,504,290; Germany, 3,352,231; Great Britain, 2,790,851; France, 2,742,739; Austria-Hungary, 3,569,434 (of which 2,179,811 belong to Hungary); Italy, 657,544; Norway and Sweden, 656,456; Spain, 382,009; Den-

mark, 216,570; Belgium, 282,163; Holland, 260,059; Switzerland, 100,934; Greece, 98,933; and Portugal, 79,716. The proportion of horses to each 1,000 of the population is 227.05 in Russia, 244.16 in America, 175.55 in Denmark, 146.99 in Hungary, 114.88 in Sweden, 86.10 in Great Britain, 81.64 in Germany, and 18.25 in Portugal. Of mules there are found 1,626 in Germany, 303,775 in France, 14,935 in Austria-Hungary (of which 3,266 are in Hungary proper), 293,868 in Italy, and the large number of 6,665,472 in Spain.

FOUND AT LAST.

A BLIND man stood at the widow's gate,
A blind man worn and weak;
He had not strength to lift the latch,
And barely strength to speak.

But she heard his low and plaintive voice,
In spite of the howling storm;
And tottering forth, she led him in
To her cottage dry and warm.

And then she fed the homeless one
By the hearth-fire's cheerful glow;
And when his welcome meal was done
She heard his tale of woe.

"I valued not my childhood's home,
That should have been dear to me;
Just five and twenty years ago
I ran away to sea.

"I left my widowed mother alone,
I heeded not her prayer,
And a bitter curse has followed me—
Followed me every where.

"On the battle-field in distant lands,
On many a stormy sea,
I wrought out days of penitence
And years of penalty.

"But still that curse it followed me;
And when the fever came,
It killed my pride and sapped my strength,
And left me blind and lame.

"A wasted life! Ah! who can know,
Save him whose life has been
Like mine for five and twenty years,
What those three short words mean?"

"It followed me long, this bitter curse,
It follows me ruthlessly;
'Twill follow me till on my mother's grave
I lay me down to die."

Silent she'd watched the sightless face
Till this much he had told,
The while adown her wrinkled cheeks
The hurrying tear drops rolled.

Then suddenly about his neck
Her withered arms she wound.
"My prayer is answered now," she cried,
"My long-lost boy is found!"

"Now let thy past be all forgot,
Let the bitter curse depart;
Thou hast reached a haven of peace at last
In thy loving mother's heart." G. D. L.

GEMS.

THE history of the world teaches no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this: that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

We often puff away with a laughing breath all better thoughts, as you blow away the down from a dandelion in seed.

A root in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

The man who notices only the faults of others simply gets his head full of deformities.

ONE of the best and most valuable of all earthly possessions is self-possession.

"If we would enjoy ourselves, we must take the most of it as it is, mixed up with a thousand spots of sunshine—a cloud here and there; a bright sky; a storm to-day, calm to-morrow; the chill piercing winds of autumn, and bland reviving air of summer. THERE are thousands who covet not only praise, but the reputation of despising it.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

SHAD ROW WITH SCALLOPS.—Fry the row with salt pork cut in dice one-quarter of an inch square; prepare a neat bed of mashed potatoes, and set it to brown before the fire, or in the oven; as soon as the row is browned lay it upon the potatoes, keeping it warm; then place one pint of scallops in the pan with the pork, and fry them till tender, but only slightly brown; arrange the scallops and pork around the row upon the mashed potatoes, and serve hot.

LEMON CHEESECAKES.—Take half a pound of butter, one pound of loaf sugar, six eggs, the rind of two lemons, and juice of three; put it into a small lined saucepan. Keep stirring the mixture over the fire till all is dissolved, and it begins to thicken; then put it into small jars, and keep in a dry place. When made into cheesecakes, line some patty-pans with good puff paste, rather more than half fill them with the mixture, and bake for about a quarter of an hour in a brisk oven.

SPICED CHOCOLATE PASTE.—Half a cake of chocolate, two cupfuls white sugar, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, scant teaspoonful cloves, quarter spoonful ginger, large tablespoonful vanilla extract. Keep the chocolate in the oven ten minutes, then add the sugar and boil it, then the flavouring. This is good for either roll or larger cakes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. JEFFERSON has not, as reported, sailed for America; he has been playing Rip Van Winkle in Edinburgh, and will probably extend his Scottish tour.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S visit to Italy is said to be for the purpose of visiting his son, who is now pursuing his musical studies and singing.

MADAME PATTI (La Marquise de Canx) has paid in Esoudier, the lessee of the Paris Opera, 100,000 francs as forfeit of her breach of engagement with the Grand Opera for next season. Meantime we are informed that madame has closed with the offer of Mr. Strakosch (we believe her brother-in-law, the husband of Carlotta Patti), and will go to New York, on an engagement for the United States at 10,000 francs (£400) for each performance, and one clear benefit; fifty-one performances being guaranteed to the extent of £20,400 sterling and a benefit.

A YOUNG woman named Bonham, belonging to the Shaker community, has died in the tent at their encampment near Lyngington, from consumption, and several other hopeless cases are said to exist.

ROYAL ARTILLERY.—The Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has issued the expected order for the reorganisation of the Royal Artillery. It sets forth that on July 1 next the artillery service will be divided into three brigades of horse artillery, six of field artillery, five of garrison artillery, and one of coast artillery, and then proceeds to give the stations of these brigades, with details as to the commands and internal regulations.

HERE is a little Turkish romance in a nutshell. The sister of the Sultan married Mahmoud Bey, and died during the honeymoon of lung disease. The lady in the case was twenty-nine years old, had been six years a widow, was devotedly attached to the man who became her husband, and married him when she knew she could live but a few days, and she did this that he might inherit her estate, estimated at £1,800,000.

It is announced that the Mentmore stud, organised by the late Baron Mayer de Rothschild, is not to be broken up. Miss Hannah de Rothschild, who became its sole possessor on the death of her mother, has placed the stud under the entire management of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, and the working arrangements will be carried out by Mr. Markham, the stud groom, as heretofore. The yearlings will be sold at Newmarket.

THE German Imperial Post Office has given as a present to the Emperor on his birthday a magnificent work representing all the means of communication which have been used from the first beginnings of civilisation till the present day, including, of course, the needle-gun.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BUST BEE.—The dictionary you mention is by no means perfect.

LENA.—We think you had better let the young man continue his visits.

M. M.—Write a pretty letter let to the young man you foolishly offended, and he will soon be at your side again.

M. T. J.—It is polite for a gentleman to offer a lady his card without being asked for it. 2. It is in better taste to send an invitation to a lady by a special messenger than by post.

T. H. C.—1. The engagement ring is either worn on the first or third finger. 2. The colour you mention would be very suitable for a wedding-dress. 3. No; wedding presents are not always displayed at the reception; some people consider such a display in poor taste. 4. Yes; it is proper and quite the style for the bride to make the groom a wedding present.

JOHN.—Since you are very much in love with the young lady, and she returns your affections, and both your parents approve of the match, why should not you become engaged to her? The simple fact that you have not finished your studies need not hinder your being engaged, with the understanding that you will marry as soon as you are established in your profession.

MARY F.—Fatted Mackerel: Cut off the heads, take out the roes, clean the fish thoroughly; rub them inside with a little salt; season them with pepper and salt; lay them in a pan; cover with equal quantities of vinegar and water; tie over the pan strong white paper doubled, and bake them in a slow oven for one hour—they will keep two weeks.

H. T.—If the young gentleman to whom you refer loves you as much as you seem to think he does, your conduct to him has been not only unkind but improper. A faithful, loving heart should never be trifled with; and she who is fond of experimenting in such matters will be apt to see the day when she will long for some of the affection which she has wantonly insulted.

JUVENILE writes to us to know the best way to colour a merchant's pipe. We think an easy way would be to take a brush and some paint, and then colour it to suit his fancy. Black striped with red would colour the pipe in one style, but then, again, dipping in a bottle of ink would give it another hue in less than no time, and would prove a very cheap process.

C. A.—Break your engagement at once, and never allow yourself to even think of marrying. You are far too fickle and selfish to ever be in love with anyone but yourself. It is to be hoped that your lover will appreciate his lucky escape in not wedding you.

N. M. E.—The derivation of the word honeymoon is as follows: It was the custom of the highest orders of Teutones, a people who inhabited the northern parts of Europe, to drink mead, or methelun, a beverage made of honey, for thirty days after every wedding. The Saxons imparted the custom into England, and from it, in course of time, arose our present meaning of the word.

THOMAS G.—1. Marry the girl you love; no matter whether she is rich or poor. Do not sell yourself for any woman's gold. 2. There is no necessity for a young lady's giving a reason for declining to dance. 3. The first slaves sent to the United States were sold from a Dutch vessel, which landed twenty at Jamestown, in Virginia, in 1620.

EMMA L.—1. If the young lady loves the gentleman she will forgive him for flirting with the other lady, and receive his attentions again. The lady may make the gentleman a present, too, but if she cannot afford to do so that is no reason why she should refuse a Christmas gift from him. 2. A lady should return all the gentleman's presents after the engagement is broken.

H. A. P.—To Clean Silver: Wash clean, and apply the following paste: Nitrate of silver, one drachm; cyanide of potassium, two drachms; prepared chalk, five drachms; powder all finely, and make into a thin paste, with water. Apply with a moistened rag, and polish with chamois leather.

FAIRY.—Begin by speaking to the young man himself about it.

ARTER.—Silvered glass is superseding metallic mirrors for reflecting telescopes.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the

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Biographies of Eminent Living Men—Politicians, Generals, Poets, Artists, &c.—each being accompanied by a Lifelike Portrait.

IN OUR NEXT NUMBER WILL APPEAR

DOCTOR STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

This feature will constitute both a highly interesting attraction and also a most useful

WORK OF REFERENCE—A ROLL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS.

EDWARD B., twenty-five, tall, dark, good-looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady between seventeen and twenty-one.

JENNIE E., nineteen, light brown hair, grey eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-one, tall, dark hair and eyes, loving, fond of home.

MICK SWABS and **MICK DINGBAT**, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Mick Swabs is twenty-three, medium height, auburn hair, hazel eyes, fond of home, music, and children. Mick Dingbat is twenty-five, medium height, black hair, blue eyes, good-looking, fond of home and children.

ARTHUR C., tall, light auburn hair, brown eyes, handsome, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty.

SMILING ALICIA, seventeen, dark, of a loving disposition, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young gentleman about twenty, dark, and of a loving disposition.

ETHEL and **MAUD**, two friends, wish to correspond with two young gentlemen. Ethel is seventeen, medium height, light hair, black eyes. Maud is sixteen, dark hair, dark blue eyes, medium height, fond of home and music.

DREAMING OF DEATH.

ALONE I stand by the wicket there,
Perhaps dreaming.

In the churchyard sleeping are the dead,
The moon above, like a slumbering cloud, half-showing

From a dark still cloud, black as a worn-out life
rough flowing,
Casting in fitful shadows the dead, still scene,
The cold white graves and unmoving death born
grasses.

Madness dwelling in the silent air,
To me seeming,
Pausing as if in dumb, painful dread,
Filling my anxious heart with a hungry, yearning
pain.

What is this life?
The silence answers "Death," it seems, again
and yet again.

Can it be that of this aching life so well fought
The hereafter is but a poet's glorious thought?
Lo! as I turn a glimmering light in the far east
gently breaks,
And as frowning night grows pale, with the dawn
of Hope my soul awakes.

THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.

ALICE and **AGNES**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Alice is eighteen, fair, tall, golden hair, dark blue eyes. Agnes is eighteen, tall, dark brown hair, dark grey eyes.

MAGGIE J., eighteen, fair, considered good-looking, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young man about her own age.

FRED ANTHONY and **FRED**, two soldiers, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Fred Anthony is twenty, dark, tall, good-looking. Fred is twenty, medium height, good-looking. Respondents must be fond of home and children.

A. R. would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young man about twenty-two, tall, dark, fond of home, of a loving disposition.

ELLA and **VIOLET**, two friends, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. Ella is seventeen, tall, dark. Violet is twenty, short, dark, good-looking. Respondents must be tall, fair, good-looking, and fond of music.

NANCE, eighteen, medium height, brown hair and eyes, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a gentleman about twenty-two, tall, fair.

HELM-A-LEE, **RIGHT GUN READY**, and **LEFT GUN READY**, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Helm-a-Lee is twenty-three, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. Right Gun Ready is twenty-three, medium height, blue eyes. Left Gun Ready is twenty-four, dark hair, blue eyes.

MARLINGSPIKE, a seaman in the Royal Navy, wishes to correspond with a young lady about nineteen.

LIZZIE, twenty, tall, fair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must be about twenty-four, tall, dark hair and eyes.

DARKIE, forty-three, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a gentleman about fifty.

JESSIE S., nineteen, medium height, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young man about her own age, fond of home.

NELLIE and **LIZZIE**, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Nellie is twenty-one, medium height, fair. Lizzie is twenty-three, medium height, dark. Tradesman preferred.

PUS, **DASH**, and **DOT**, three friends, would like to correspond with three young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Pus is eighteen, tall, dark hair, blue eyes. Dash is eighteen, brown hair, blue eyes. Dot is seventeen, light hair, blue eyes. All are considered good-looking.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

JACK is responded to by—Lottie, twenty-five, dark, fond of home.

WILLIAM by—Dot.

W. J. S. by—Ethel, medium height, dark hair, brown eyes.

G. M. by—Ernestine, brown hair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition.

WILLIE L. B. by—Ivy.

W. B. by—Woodbine.

KATE by—James L., twenty-two, tall, dark, good-looking, fond of home.

AMOREUX by—Mignon, nineteen, brown hair, grey eyes, fond of home.

L. D. by—C. D., dark, fond of home.

ANNIE by—Pentagon, twenty-six.

EUGENE by—Flo, twenty, brown hair, grey eyes, good-looking.

JACK TAR by—Malvina F., twenty, tall, good-tempered, thoroughly domesticated.

WILLIAM by—Helen, a widow.

L. D. by—A. T., eighteen, fair, considered good-looking.

MAT by—Ted, nineteen, dark hair and eyes.

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London: Published for the Proprietors at 334, Strand, by A. SMITH & Co.